JOHN BULL, week ending February 13, 1943

JOHN BULL

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3D EVERY THURSDAY

WANTED: A NEW PLAN FOR INCOME TAX
By The Editor

NON FIGHTERS IN THE FRONT LINE

BERLIN MUST BE OUR GOAL!
By A.G.G.

I wonder where he is?

Twilight. The sky is filled with droning . . .
droning . . . Bombers are going out
— I wonder where he is "— *my Peter!*"
He too is going out somewhere —
— now laughing — yes, laughing of course!
With his boys. Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian, Poker Face —
second pilot and Shorty — the imperturbable:
Cup o'cawffee, Sir?
To think, last week he was home; The stories he told
of them . . . . . and the old kite —
'Peter's Delivery Van!' Good luck to them — all.
Baby's asleep, Peter.
Some day — Some day you'll come home for good
May that day be soon.

* * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say "*Lot going over tonight — anything interesting after the news?*" That droning means anxiety — and may mean sorrow — to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay — for we only lend where they give; and give all! *Consider your savings in the light of THIS thought.*

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

Cut them into slices!

—and let all the family enjoy them

Sweet rationing may have made "share and share alike" a good family motto. But it's not so easy to apply unless you use some of your coupons for something that really does give everybody a chance of getting a good big share. Mars are made from the finest available materials—including chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish. So, by cutting these chunky candy-bars up into slices, every member of the family can enjoy a satisfying share of their delicious goodness.

BE CAREFUL—if there's no black-out in the spare room (if you've got a spare room) take the bulb out of the electric light fitting so that someone doesn't go in and switch on in the middle of a raid—if the Luftwaffe didn't get you the Wardens would.

BE CAREFUL TOO with your Cherry Blossom Boot Polish—supplies are restricted. When applying, use a little less than you did in the days of plenty. Rub it well into the leather; the extra rub will ensure a smarter shine and make your shoes last longer.

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Don't forget that Maldano cocktails are scarce nowadays. If you find a bottle, hide it away where it won't tempt you! Then you'll be able to offer 'something extra good' to someone who well deserves it.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 13, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

THE 600

● Are we as near the end of our man-power resources as the Ministry of Labour would have us think?

A Kent reader doesn't think so.

He answered a newspaper advertisement for an accountant. Under forty. Salary, a four-figure one.

Came the reply: "600 applications were received, and you are not on the short list compiled of those considered most suitable."

Now that reader has accountant friends in Government and Service employ.

They work long hours. They report a desperate shortage of capable accountants in the service of the State.

We spoke to a man at a newspaper small-ad. counter.

He said: "Advertise a well-paid job and it is astonishing how many replies you will get—even when youngish and middle-aged workers are sought."

Let Mr. Bevin digest these facts.

This is war. Men should be where they fit best, not where they're paid most.

Straight from the Shoulder

BE BOLD!

OUR job becomes harder.

Our enemies are concentrating.

It has been forced upon hem by a series of crushing defeats. But in concentration they hope to et a breather—and then new rength.

unders

The enemy has recognised some of his orst mistakes and seeks to rectify them. An army that knows where it has been rong—and takes the necessary reme- al steps—is immensely more powerful an one that doesn't.

hy They're Candid

The German nation is being turned er from the offensive to the defensive ame of mind.

That's why it is getting so much brutal uth from its leaders, from whom truth mes so strangely.

The German plan for 1943 becomes rarer.

o Illusions

Primarily, to make it a defensive year. ey're shaken at the moment.

To concentrate on an Eastern line hich, with shortened lines of communi- tion, they feel they can hold.

To hold an African bridgehead and so, minating the narrows, make the use the Mediterranean perilous to us.

t Bluff!

That's the steel ring they plan to ire into.

From which they'll always be pre- red to spring to the offensive if the nce offers.

We'll emphasise those words.

They talk about going on the defensive, they'll attack when it suits them.

ie Us

They will be at Russia's throat again t Spring if they can recover their ength—or if we do not distract them ficiently.

And one offensive plan persists.

Always they believe they can force vic- y in due time with their U-boats.

-ordinate!

We must build the ships to circum- t the boats on which Hitler pins so ch.

For months we have urged the co-ordination of British and American counter-measures against U-boats.

Unity of strategy in exterminating the U-boats at sea—as in the conduct of the war general—is essential.

Attack the Hide-outs!

They move in wolf-packs now. Very well, we must decimate them in their lairs.

Such attacks as our frequent bombings of U-boat manufacturing centres like Hamburg, chief U-boat bases like Lorient, can't be too bold or too often.

Which calls for unity of air strategy.

Worst Ever

It is certain that the German army has sustained its worst mauling in history.

Whether or not it recovers by the Spring depends on us.

On our being as bold in planning as we are in fighting.

On Allied strategy epgaging the enemy in Europe before he can recover.

Time Factor

Our Tunisian campaign is behind schedule.

Much depends on whether the Eighth Army, hot on the enemy's heels, can gather strength for a mighty enough blow before Rommel's army joins Arnim's.

Whether we can deny Rommel's battered, weary columns a breathing space.

Big Chance

Arnim has only six divisions there. We outnumber him completely.

Our numerical ascendancy will be proportionately greater when Rommel ties up with Arnim, Montgomery with Eisenhower.

We must act in the first second of the hour of opportunity.

Reasons and Excuses

The bad weather, our problem of building aerodromes in this difficult country—many things have given the Germans in Tunisia enormous help.

But the months have passed.

What were good reasons yesterday will be bad excuses to-morrow—and we want no excuses. Only boldness.

Hard Blows

Whether we plan two, four, six blows, each must be the hardest of which we are capable, perfectly planned, perfectly timed.

Once we have struck, the war will have reached the end of the beginning.

But the hardest lap will be ahead.

Vigilance

It will have to be 100 per cent. effort everywhere.

We must be extra vigilant at sea. The German Naval High Command changes portend a more aggressive German navy.

They've some formidable ships.

Will They Come Out!

And we can expect more lone raiders, more submarine feeder ships.

They won't seek short, sharp battle. They will disperse over the oceans of the world—determined to close the sea-lanes of the United Nations.

A call, again, for united strategy.

Determined Nation

Otherwise we might find ourselves using lack of shipping as an alibi for inertia.

There must be no inertia—the nation won't accept anything short of action, and bold action.

Copy Winston!

We must be bold at home.

Smaller rations, fewer luxuries, less leisure, a lost holiday—such things don't matter in a year of Grand Assault.

Compare them with the privations Hitler has just imposed on the German people by his own private edict.

Anyway, let us at our respective ages emulate world-flier Churchill at 68!

No Nervousness

So will come the only peace acceptable to us. And then boldness must still be our sword.

We must have no time for the timorous British isolationist. The As-you-were exponent. The man who wonders whether it is *time* to talk of planning, and who, after the war, will still talk that way.

One Consideration

They've got very good intentions towards some unit or other—whether that unit is a country or a trade.

Rest assured it is a unit to which they belong.

But there's only one unit to consider after the war—the world.

It's Catching

The man who doesn't realise that any economy fails unless it is an interdependent world economy is a fool.

Simply, it means that a nation can't be prosperous if its neighbours are poor, that a healthy man, if wise, must show some interest in the fact that the man next door has smallpox.

The Lesson

Lend-lease is common-sense.

R.A.F. boys fly U.S. Martins; U.S. pilots, Spitfires; British anti-aircraft guns help defend America; we use American tanks; Australians fight with American weapons, while Americans eat Australian food; and, finally, Russians and Chinese fight for survival with our tanks. That's the sort of post-war world we want.

Details

But for vastly different purposes.

To stabilise prices for raw materials.

To organise and control the flow of world trade in commodities and manufactures.

To confer an international monetary system.

To insist that every nation has a proper standard of assessment for labour.

To reconstruct as one—and live as one economic whole, so that over-production could only mean more leisure, not more unemployment.

To fight aggressors as one.

Pert Question

We say that the Government's call for each industry to state its own peace plans will be of little use till we have a clear official picture of its scheme for world reconstruction.

You've *got* to view the world situation.

How, for instance, can the British sugar-beet grower announce his post-war plans before he knows whether or not the cane-sugar countries will be sending their products here?

1929—And All That

No, it must be world planning or nothing.

There must be no mad scramble by the nations for world markets. That would take us back to the heartbreak of 1929.

And we must shed some of our cherished ideas.

We must organise and expand our export trade not to "capture" markets, not to get rid of surpluses, but to supply the needs of those who, directly or indirectly, supply us.

Valuation

Two things are important at this moment.

Not to underestimate the strength of the enemy.

Nor to under-assess the power for evil, after the war, of those who would have us think of ourselves alone.

There can be no prosperity for a nation if its neighbours are not prosperous.

(Continued overleaf)

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BUT at home we still have to learn the meaning of "total warfare."

Board of Trade inspectors still reject as "too dark" that cloth for the making of battle-dress which happened to be first in the dye-tub.

Stuff last out of the tub is still condemned as "too light."

Would Soldiers Care!

It's no good telling them that the darkest khaki is ideal camouflage for one theatre of war: the lightest for another.

Most of them were trained in a world in which, if a woman demanded Guardsman Red, it would be criminal to fob her off with Pillar-box Red.

So they rant about "specifications"—and waste ten times as much cloth as would be necessary to give you turn-ups to your Utility trousers.

De Luxe

You get that fetish for finish all through our war effort.

Many German aeroplanes brought down recently have been without self-sealing petrol tanks. The Germans just haven't the material.

Now don't imagine that we'd imperil one British boy by suggesting any such extemporisation.

But we do protest against much of the nosing round in British war factories on the subject of "finish."

Remember!

Best weapon of the Spanish Republicans when the Germans and Italians rehearsed this war was the stick of dynamite, roughly made but cleverly thrown.

We mustn't forget that.

Coal Hustle

Spanish miners threw them. Recall how they both mined—and fought?

Our miners, of course, would do the same.

See—as we did—the coal trains leaving a Leicestershire pit. Four in sight at one moment on one length of track.

You'd be amazed.

Even the Minister

There are slackers, yes—but individual pitmen are performing miracles.

But you mustn't appear too satisfied even with miracles in war time.

You mustn't tell either the miner or Major Gwilym Lloyd George, Fuel Minister, that you are pleased with them—lest they slack up.

But we are.

Have You Felt Cold!

Just recall some of the gloomy prognostications about this winter's fuel.

Ask yourself whether you have ever felt cold, or whether the wheels of war industry have been halted for an hour through lack of fuel.

And judge.

Passengers

But we'll put a few bricks in our bouquet.

At one pit six gardeners employed by the "management" are listed as colliery labourers.

So is the man who looks after the pigs.

They can garden and swine-herd till their heads swim, but they can't affect production—they are bound to pull the pit's average down.

No Warmth

And it is reasonable to suppose that a miner needs clothing.

That's why we give the soldier released from the Army for the pits £2 10s. to buy a suit of working clothes.

But what about the collier released from the Services on health grounds to resume pit work?

He probably needs even warmer clothing. But he gets nothing.

Excuse

Says the Mines Department: "It would create an awkward precedent. Every other worker released from the Army would want re-equipping for industry."

Good luck to the South Wales Miners' Federation, which is fighting that bunk.

No Strike

And who hauls that coal? The Loco. men, whose skill and vitality has never been so taxed.

We are glad they've decided not to strike.

That would blind an angry public to the true facts—that they are *not* afraid of war-time sacrifice, but regard the meagre increase given them by the Tribunal, read in conjunction with bigger rises given to less skilled workers, as a *permanent* lowering of their status.

This Is War

Let us all remember that war is a clumsy business.

It promotes the unskilled man: demotes the skilled.

It pays a pittance to the fighter because his work isn't constructive—which, if it is good economics, is poor justice.

Cold Water

It flummoxes that section of officialdom not big enough to rise to it.

For instance, a Hull auxiliary fireman built a static water tank in his garden for the N.F.S., then, finding the 10,000 gallons likely to submerge his house, asked the authorities if they would pump some away.

They answered: "*Re* pumping out your pond, you'll have to pay."

Wrong Tune

Three Dumfries young men have had a similar hit in the eye.

Medically unfit to fight (although craving the chance), they started a dance band, played for war workers but only to benefit charity.

They bought an old car to reach outlandish stations—were content with the 1½ gallons of petrol allowed them weekly.

And now, very churlishly, all supplies have been stopped.

In the Dark

And W.V.S. women in the West Country who learnt first-aid work, got red "First Aid Post Here" cards for their windows in case of blitzes, were told:

"You mustn't show those cards in your windows until there's a raid."

Which means that nobody would see them.

Let 'em Walk

Strange, indeed, are the workings of the official mind.

Children can be compelled to walk three miles to school. Over that, they must have a conveyance.

So an almost empty school 'bus travelling to Leighford, near Malvern, refuses a lift to children who have only 2¾ miles to go—no matter how it rains.

Our 13,000 Governments

Knowing all the eccentricities of the official mind, we welcome the interim report (now don't let the titles put you off) of the National Association of Local Government Officers on the Reform of Local Government Structure.

It describes the muddled efforts to rule of 1,530 local authorities of six different types, plus 7,000 parish councils and 4,100 parish "meetings."

Sense

No wonder it urges redividing the country so that every authority governs between 100,000 and 500,000 people.

For hundreds of these authorities know nothing at all about local government, employ no full-time officials.

Better to live in Papua than such places.

Bluffers

Thousands of owners of desirable mansions have put up their own "Out of Bounds to Troops" notice.

What audacity! All "Trespassers will be prosecuted" notices are just bluff.

These notices suggesting that Service trespassers only will be prosecuted are a worse bluff.

We suppose they're afraid some frozen soldier will ask for hot water.

Un-Canadian

Then a Canadian firm advertises in a Scottish newspaper: "Wanted for export, furniture . . . Enable Britain to pay for War Purchases."

The advertisers, Fyfes, Ltd., of Ontario, may here and now know that, in our opinion, Canadians wouldn't take as a gift what furniture bombing has left us.

That apart from the shipping position.

Not Logic

Just as dismaying is the news that troops are still paying for kit lost at Dunkirk—revealed by a soldier who couldn't pay a 4s. fine for a lighting offence because his lost kit instalments were so big.

Official view is: "The Guards brought everything away—therefore you had no right to lose anything," which, to our mind, is illogical.

Grounds for Enquiry

Nor do we like the news that a Maida Vale flat has been refused an Indian member of the British Commonwealth on colour grounds.

Our informant tells us that the flat owner blamed the London County Council for the ban.

If the L.C.C. feels angry enough—and we hope it does—it can have the facts for investigation.

Another Case

Trusting it will help our Indian colour patriot to understand, we'll tell him this:

An R.A.F. surgeon who has saved scores of our boys by his professional skill searched in vain for a London flat for months.

"No children," they told him. It didn't matter that his presence in London was vital.

Ostrich Ministry

As the Ministry of Food reveals, some landlords are actually asking people to surrender their ration books as a condition of the tenancy—although they won't supply food.

We have evidence that other landlords are asking tenants to sign fake agreements—paying most of the rent "under the counter."

Yet the Ministry of Health announces there is little rent profiteering!

● Our revelations as to profiteering in house values are under official investigation.

Cases are known of houses changing hands at twice their pre-war cost.

The Government wants to stop the ramp—but doesn't know how.

Can our readers—hundreds of whom endorse our views—help?

"Charge Income Tax of 10s. in the £ on each profit," says one. "It is nonsense to call such profits windfalls."

"Increase the rates to the same extent as the price of the house," suggests another, "and fine the mug buyers in perpetuity."

A Building Society representative tells of sellers seeking £600 profit on houses in which they have invested less than £50.

"I have in mind a man who paid a deposit of £5 when the war broke out, and who, using every artifice since to evade monthly rent-purchase payments, now seeks a profit of £750," he writes.

That is profiteering beyond the average man's computation. It must be stopped.

Behind the News

● Increase of terror inside Germany is foreshadowed by appointment as Gestapo Chief of iron-handed Kaltenbrunner to succeed murdered Heydrich.

● *Significant that Kaltenbrunner, a cruel, ruthless Austrian ruffian, specialises in spying on Nazi friends and colleagues—and popularises the art.*

● Meanwhile, new Nazi trick to "pep up" home morale—"proof" that Japs are preventing U.S. from increasing North Africa effort and that British industry is crippled by strikes and malnutrition.

● And wives of high German officers and officials desert their Paris funk-holes, afraid of Second Front—go to that other hide-out, the Austrian mountains, where rich German evacuees lead a sumptuous life.

● *Rumanian Fascists quarrel, fearing Russian invasion; fortifications are rushed up in the Balkans, with Germans refusing to accept orders in districts under Italian command; Finns fear flare-up of demand for peace.*

● And Italian anti-Fascists more openly encourage masses to end war by offering Allies a mandate over Sicily, Sardinia and lost Italian Empire in exchange for peace.

● But Laval shrieks in vain for French legions to fight Russia. Volunteers still don't number 4,000; only one recruiting centre is open, and that in Paris.

● *In Africa, Rommel-Kesselring split is now irrepairable. Afrika Korps blames Luftwaffe for defeat, demands new air chief for Tunisia.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BY THE EDITOR

WANTED!: NEW INCOME TAX PLAN

MORE than 7,000,000 men and women, who paid no Income Tax before the war, are getting used to paying it now.

Pre-war taxable population numbered 3,650,000; it has increased to upwards of 11,000,000, of whom more than half are wage-earners.

The Revenue could never have coped with this vast new army of Income Tax payers but for the sensible introduction of deductions at source.

At first these deductions were resented by a great many people, most of whom found it hard to understand how they were arrived at.

But the resentment is gradually dying down because, though nobody likes paying Income Tax, the majority realises that it must be paid in order to win the war.

Among our own readers, who represent a large cross-section of the entire population, we find the chief sources of remaining grievance and grumbling are real, or apparent, inequalities of burden.

The Inland Revenue, to give it its due, is well aware that there *are* anomalies under the existing regulations and also that the regulations themselves are exceedingly complicated.

It introduced a simpler form of assessment for weekly wage-earners about a year ago, and is hard at work to-day upon a further simplification for everybody.

Some weeks before Christmas the Revenue set up more than twenty special committees, with staff representatives, to relieve the general headache when the notices and assessments and demands come round again.

Some of these committees are still investigating. Others have already hit upon the brilliant notion of using plain—or at least plainer—English.

Next April's tax forms should, therefore, be easier to understand.

ALL this is to the good. But nobody except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, acting with the consent of Parliament, can modify the law itself or put an end to its exasperating anomalies and inequalities.

JOHN BULL *has always attached great importance to its readers' opinions. Many a reform has originated in our letter-bag, and so we now commend the Chancellor's attention to certain general—and, in our view, justified—complaints which have reached our Free Advice Bureau.*

Let us begin with the case of a widow who is trying to keep a home together for the return of her two soldier sons. She is assessed for tax as a single person on her war work earnings of £3 a week.

This means that she has to pay about £19 a year, of which roughly half will be returnable to her as a post-war credit.

As against this, consider the case of a soldier's married wife, also on war work at £3 a week, but childless and living at home with her parents.

This girl receives the Government separation allowance of 25s. a week *free of tax*. Her liability on her wages cannot be more than the widow's, because the special allowance for a wife's earned income is £80 a year, and that is just what a single woman is given as personal allowance.

It is more than likely, moreover, that her husband's Army pay will be less than £3 a week, and, in that event, the balance of *his* allowance will be deductible from her assessment, leaving her, perhaps, with no tax to pay at all!

Servicemen deserve every reasonable consideration, but it is *not* reasonable to demand more tax from the widowed mother, with a home to keep up, than from the soldier's childless wife with none.

This and other similar anomalies account for the fact that so many workers, earning about the same wages in the same factory, are unequally taxed, and that the heavier burden is often carried by those with the greater responsibilities.

JOHN BULL submits, therefore, that the Chancellor should reconsider the case of taxpayers with a home to keep up and grant them a householder's allowance to relieve them of their disproportionate burdens.

Another common complaint arises from the pitifully small allowance for "adult dependant relatives."

Consider the case of a totally crippled child. Until it reaches the age of sixteen, the father can claim tax allowance of £50 a year, but immediately the child becomes "an adult" this allowance is cut by half to £25 a year.

Obviously, it costs more to maintain a grown-up, and, when the dependant is in constant need of medical attention, the parent's increased tax liability may become an acute problem.

Again, no distinction is drawn at present between dependants who are wholly without means and those who have some small income of their own, as, for instance, Old Age Pensioners.

Provided the dependant's income does not exceed £50 a year, the £25 allowance is granted in full; if it *does* exceed it, even by a few shillings, the allowance is forfeited.

When that happens, the dependant is better off by £6 10s. a year, but the harassed breadwinner, who is making a home for him, loses the £25 allowance and must pay at least £8 2s. 6d. a year in increased taxation!

Thus the total household income is reduced and not increased.

JOHN BULL realises that there must be *some* income limit to dependants' allowances, but we maintain that more discretion should be allowed in dealing with marginal cases.

Hundreds of readers have complained recently about the "iniquity" of taxing Old Age Pensions at all. These pensions are not taxable in themselves, but only when other sources of income bring the total above the tax-free limit.

In such cases, too, the tax is usually returnable in the form of a post-war credit.

And we take this opportunity to assert with the utmost emphasis that these post-war credits will be duly honoured.

To suggest that they will never be of any use except in relief of future taxation is both untrue and defeatist in its intention.

These credits are real nest-eggs, not sham ones. Our only suggestion is that it might be advisable to restore full personal and earned-income allowances to all persons aged sixty-five and over instead of granting *them* the post-war credit; which they may not live to enjoy.

We have no space to discuss in detail the manifold difficulties which arise from the joint assessment of the husband-and-worker-wife incomes. We know that every wife can have a separate assessment if she chooses to ask for one.

BUT we share the view of Mr. Douglas Houghton, secretary to the Inland Revenue Staff Association, that there can be no final solution to this problem while husband and wife are assessed together.

Moreover—as we believe in strictly equal citizenship for men and women—we maintain that marriage should not in any way affect a woman's status as an independent citizen.

JOHN BULL feels some diffidence in bringing forward at the present time any suggestions calculated to reduce the yield of direct taxation.

But the Inland Revenue itself is clearly anxious both to simplify its forms and, ultimately, to remove anomalies in the law. It wants, in fact, to get down to brass-tax.

Our suggestions are designed to remove some of the more obvious inequalities of the present system, and we believe they would reduce much public discontent at relatively little cost.

Nail Down Hitler's Biggest Lie!

IN addition to new attacks on the battlefield, hard blows in another direction are urgently needed to hasten victory.

They must be aimed at the bulwark of Fear Goebbels is throwing up with feverish frenzy in Germany itself.

* * *

He is building it with the lie that the Allies are out for the extermination of Germany as a nation and the indiscriminate punishment of all Germans as individuals.

All Nazi propaganda has been systematically concentrated on this line.

Of course, everyone outside Germany who is still able to listen to the news, knows what a complete misrepresentation of the official Allied policy it is.

Never has Churchill or Roosevelt said anything which could be misquoted to that effect. To the contrary, they have made it clear that it is the Nazis and their creed, backed by German militarism, that they are out to smash, and that after victory the German people will have economic security like the people of any other country.

Stalin, even at the height of his victories, has never ceased to emphasise that he regards "Hitlerite Germany" as the enemy, and that he has no desire to destroy Germany as a nation.

But are we, even now, doing everything that is possible to ensure that the German people know that this is the policy of the Allies?

Naturally, I know the German mentality, and I cannot urge too strongly the importance of ramming home this truth.

It is vital in the time factor for victory—whether, possibly, the defeat of Hitler and his gang can come this year, or whether he can succeed in making the German people stick by him in the fortress to which he could turn Germany.

I am not underestimating the terrific military blows he will soon have to face, but neither can I ignore the fact that he could hang on for quite a long time in this fortress IF the people of Germany do not crack up.

* * *

And he has only this one last resort of fear to fall back on so far as the German people are concerned.

Let me say at once that I think the official British propaganda aimed at Germany is becoming better and better, particularly over the wireless. Men like Lindlay Fraser, Richard Crossman and Gordon Walker are doing grand work.

But their success is still too often counteracted by clumsy speeches and articles by irresponsible individuals or organisations which merely help Goebbels with his gigantic lie.

The truth, fortified again with complete clarity by responsible leaders, should be got through to Germany night and day without pause.

And since the jamming of foreign stations has been intensified now that things are going badly for Germany on the battlefield, other means should be found to supplement the wireless.

* * *

Many people—probably with justification—sneered about the dropping of pamphlets over Germany in the early days of the war, but now it might be well worth doing, and with much more likelihood of bearing fruit.

It must be done in a big way. Leaflets, clearly worded and with "punch," should be showered down so that it would be impossible for the Gestapo to prevent large numbers getting into the hands of the people.

And there are other ways in which we can make sure that the truth gets through.

The great thing is to realise its tremendous importance at this moment.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

A Few Words to a Very Few Timid Fools

TWICE in a few days recently I have offended two friends—one an officer, the other a tradesman—in a big way.

They offended me, so on that score we are level. But I believe that their offence was unwarrantable, mine justified.

Both aired their fears about the progress of the Red Army. Both hinted at perils that lurked in a Russian victory over Germany.

I told the officer he should be ashamed of himself, and I told the tradesman that he wasn't afraid of Russia, he was afraid of his business.

★ ★ ★

I feel pity for the small number of people in this country who regard the impressive might of the Soviets as something directed against the constitutions of other nations.

They talk about "ideologies," and few of them realise that ideology is merely the science of ideas. They talk about the Moscow influence and the Communist Parties in lands other than Russia.

You'll find that fear mostly among the "haves," and among those reactionaries who are prepared to fight to the last ditch to retain caste privileges and class distinctions.

Even to-day when Russia is holding and pressing back almost the whole of the German forces these stupid, petty, narrow-minded people can see only in the Soviet advance a growing threat to their positions and their money.

★ ★ ★

Lord Beaverbrook, if individualism and private enterprise count for anything, might be expected to share their view. But there is nothing petty or stupid about that dynamic peer.

In his inspired plea in the House of Lords that more planes and tanks and munitions of war should be sent from this country to the Red Army, Lord Beaverbrook said:

"It is only fools, and very few fools, who say that a Russian victory would be dangerous to the British Empire.

"Far from it. If Russia should win the war in Europe, every sensible person in the British Empire will rejoice greatly.

"I am no Communist," went on Lord Beaverbrook. "I am essentially an individualist. I believe in private enterprise, and I believe in the profit motive. I believe in it sincerely."

So, too, do the people whom Lord Beaverbrook was attacking. The profit motive is the dominating motive of their lives.

And they are scared at the picture of a mighty nation which has virtually killed the profit motive and substituted for it the good of the State and the welfare of the people.

★ ★ ★

Whether Communism or the Russian method of government is good or bad is a matter of opinion.

What is not a matter of opinion is the fact that that method of government so strengthened and fortified and welded together the people of all Russia that those peoples saved Western civilisation.

Instead of being scared about the stupid bogey of Communism, those ignorant fools who air such views should thank God every night for the great, valiant, pulsing heart of Russia.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Our milk supplies are in danger. Quantity looks like dropping progressively—quality, too.

Pasteurisation is no solution. Clean up the industry at source—the farms.

Otherwise, far from being able to restock the world after the war, we shan't be able to maintain our own herds.

More dangerous than dreaded foot-and-mouth disease are contagious abortion, sterility and mastitis.

Yet we try to fight them with a farcical voluntary veterinary scheme.

Government control and health inspection of dairy herds is imperative.

Pool veterinary surgeons, whether in private practice or State or municipal employ, to that end.

Make healthy cattle our first aim.

Make it worth while for producers to up-grade their herds—the distributors get too much. Tighten up the stock bull scheme. Make sample milk-recording compulsory.

We know the excuses, but don't accept them. This vital war reform *can* be achieved—and is the right policy, the only policy, for after the war.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ANN LOUGHLIN, President, Trades Union Congress

DEAR MADAM,—Your year of office should see trades union membership reach 8½ millions, an all-time record.

What a remarkable growth on the pre-war membership of 6½ millions!

But there are achievements of which the movement may be even more proud.

More than 20,000 trade unionists, sitting on Works Production Committees, have become, to quote the Minister of Aircraft Production, a "new weapon of industrial democracy."

In engineering, they bring the experience of 2,000,000 workers to bear on the problems of production—work which will *not* disappear with the war.

Then supervisory staffs, technicians, factory scientists, have flocked into trades unionism as never before, broadening its scope, making it more democratic in the truest sense.

Many smaller unions—some hundreds have fewer than 100 members each—should be merged.

But, looking at the broad canvas, I see brain and manual workers assuming their share of responsibility for the efficiency of production—and am glad.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.C., M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—The Canadians in Britain were building an aerodrome. You might wonder why I trouble you with such news.

Well, bang in the middle of the site was a fine old brick house.

They scorned the suggestion that they should pull it down. "We'll move it," they said.

Now it is well known that the Canadians tow their timber-frame dwellings many miles on rollers.

But this house was a substantial brick affair on deep foundations. The idea was laughed at, particularly when they started to cut it off at ground level.

Well, they moved it—on rollers.

The only mishap—one plaster ceiling fell.

It stands to-day—on new foundations. "We couldn't pull down a house unnecessarily in an agricultural district where they are so much wanted," said these Canadians.

That's why I tell you this story. The Ministry of Agriculture wants houses for farm labourers. The 3,000 you promise won't be enough.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—You keep on promising to tackle industry with a pruning knife. When are you going to start?

Our shops still have Fancy Goods Departments—filled with intricate artificial jewellery, monstrously expensive hand-bags, and much else.

Yet the things we want—such as cots, utility black-out curtaining, children's footwear, flash-lamp batteries—just won't come to hand.

And now the Germans—frightened by the Russian successes—are starting to get industry down to bare bones.

They plan to close down four-fifths of their shops, turn clothing factories over to repair work, divert all second-hand goods from homes where they are not wanted to homes where they are, and stop the manufacture of everything except absolute essentials.

A far more drastic pruning than anything you have planned—yet watch out, or they'll beat you to it!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—By the end of this month you have to choose a committee or person to administer the new Act designed to rid child adoption of its worst abuses.

Adoption societies are hoping your choice falls on some super-woman.

Think carefully, for there were never so many babies wanting homes, and never so many people seeking to adopt them.

Some have been orphaned by bombs. Many more owe their existence to the social upheavals of war.

All deserve the best we can do for them.

Among those who reach out for them are women who would evade war service. Those hands must be left empty, lest an outward show of love turns to unconcealed indifference when calls-up are no more.

What a responsibility, choosing a Mother-in-Chief for these mites—for that is what the appointment amounts to! No, I do not envy you the job.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—A gold brick swindle has been perpetrated on the British public.

Scratching through the gilt of the new Royal Warrant to give Servicemen and their dependants a better pensions deal shows it does no such thing.

It perpetuates the incredible meannesses of the old Royal Warrant.

We still pay pensions of from 17s. 6d. to 25s. a week to Servicemen's widows who would have got from 20s. to 26s. 8d. if their husbands had died in the last war.

Parents refused allowance or pension because they can't show "pecuniary need" are still without a penny of help.

We still give the totally disabled Serviceman 37s. 6d. a week—2s. 6d. less than "last time."

Pensions all round remain lower than those of the last war—your Ministry reiterating that it is because the cost of living was higher in 1919. But the loss of vision of one eye carried a 50 per cent. pension last time—only 30 per cent. now.

Loss of a leg below the knee now gets 40 per cent., as against 50 or 60 per cent. in the last war.

Why should a fall in the cost of living make an eye or limb less valuable?

I repeat: the new Royal Warrant has done nothing to wipe out this national blot.

You know the object of that Royal Warrant. You had been helping Servicemen and their dependants almost by stealth.

You actually granted pensions without constitutional authority.

The new Royal Warrant permits you to do with full Treasury approval what you have been doing off your own bat.

Having accomplished that much, can't you help to wring a really new Royal Warrant out of the mean-fisted Treasury—solid gold, this time?

For you and the Services get the blame for this atrocious parsimony. Treasury "gets away with it."—JOHN BULL.

★ Behind the scenes of war are mystery men whose deeds have to be hidden in secrecy until it is certain the enemy cannot make use of any detail.

Most Daring Gamble of the Sea

HUSH-HUSH HEROES, No. 2

★

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

REMEMBER when eleven Norwegian ships slipped out of a Swedish harbour and ran the hectic gauntlet of German air and naval forces in the Skagerrak in a stirring bid to reach Britain?

The exploit thrilled the world.

When the foremost ship, shell-scarred and bomb-scorched, sailed into an English port, a tall young man with a fluffy moustache stepped ashore.

High officials welcomed him.

Yet not a whisper of his name appeared in the newspapers.

His friends call him "Blondy." The Norwegians who sailed with him—and would have died for him—nicknamed him "The Lion."

His real name is Brian Reynolds. But with his broad features and flaxen hair, his face is indeed remarkably like that of the lion of British tradition.

In the piping days of peace, he had a hand in the spectacular racing deals staged by J. V. Rank, the millionaire miller—affairs like the £13,000 purchase of Scottish Miller, the sensational buying for the Druid's Lodge stables.

Longed for Adventure

When still in his twenties, he launched the first air line to carry race fans to meetings.

Born to great estates, he could have led the career of a country gentleman. Instead, he chose to work for a living.

"Anything for an unquiet life!" was his motto.

No sooner had Hitler attacked Poland than "Blondy" tried to enlist. The authorities were slow. Reynolds couldn't wait for adventure. So he sailed with the British volunteers for Finland.

He arrived for that strange side-show just as peace was being signed.

The Russians virtually made him a prisoner.

Four times he tried to escape. A Finn smuggled him to Petsamo.

The police caught him trying to board an American ship. They saved his life, for the ship was sunk in the Baltic.

Undismayed, Reynolds stowed aboard a cargo boat. For four days and nights, with the temperature at 50 below freezing, he clung cramped and numb to an iron bar athwart the bilge.

Again he was detected.

Then he tried to sail a tiny dinghy through the searing ice-floes in the Gulf of Finland. At length he reached Sweden.

By now the Nazis had invaded Norway and Reynolds desperately wanted to be right in the thick of it.

It is said that he was one of the underground volunteers who led a Scarlet Pimpernel existence under the very eyes of the Germans and helped scores of Norwegian patriots to freedom.

Battle of the Ships

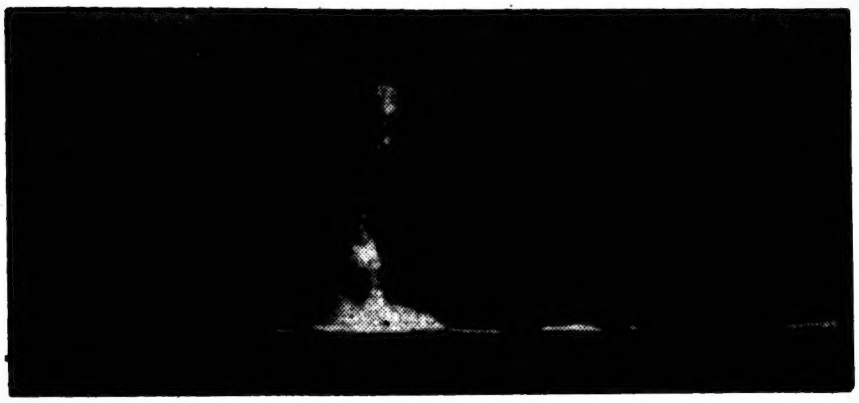
Every rescue—some involving treks of hundreds of miles through forests, swamps and mountains—was an outstanding adventure.

Meanwhile, the amazing "Battle of the Ships" had begun in the Swedish courts.

Germany desperately wanted those ships, and the Gestapo was forcing the original Norwegian owners to claim for possession. The British Government submitted that as a sovereign government it was not liable to the processes of the Swedish courts.

Besides, we had legally chartered the ships from the Norwegian Government, and they were nominally in our hands as they lay in harbour in Gothenburg.

The crews waited in suspense while the lawyers wrangled. Their freedom, perhaps their very lives, hung on the issue.



The little fleet, composed of ships like these in a convoy being bombed, ran the gauntlet of everything the Germans could bring up against it

We won our case—but not before U-boats, Nazi destroyers and elements of the *Luftwaffe* had straddled the course the ships would have to take to reach liberty.

And now came another legal issue. Export of arms from Sweden—even as guns clamped to ships' decks—was strictly forbidden.

Without arms the ships stood scant chance of breaking the Nazi bottleneck.

"I'll see they get through," said Brian Reynolds.

No contravention of international law was involved, yet the difficulties were enormous.

Nazi secret agents were watching the ships night and day. The Gothenburg port authorities, determined to maintain strict neutrality, could not stir a finger. Even British diplomatic authorities had to be kept in the dark.

"The Lion" worked fast. He organised a secret army of helpers. Arms and ammunition had to be found, somehow, somewhere. And smuggled aboard.

In one case, I believe, Nazi guns were "lifted" from Norway.

Then some of the seamen had to be trained to handle the guns. Without the weapons being seen! Without a shot being fired!

At the eleventh hour unauthorised stowaways slipped aboard. To "The Lion" fell the tough task of deciding whether they should be officially discovered—or allowed to remain.

Every preparation for sailing had to be done under cover of darkness. By day the eleven ships with the ghost guns were manned by ghost sailors!

Reynolds fooled the Germans superbly—even though Goering's 'planes were ticking over on Danish airfields, waiting to attack his convoy.

Women and Children

One moonless night, with a strong-running sea, the ships set out, some singly, some grouped. Below decks were women and children, Norwegian refugees, willing to take any risk.

The guns already aboard were pitiful armament against the Nazi naval and air units lying in wait. Secrecy gave only a few precious extra minutes before radio spies flashed news of the sailing.

And then the attack came!

U-boats waiting in echelons. Waves of dive-bombers. E-boats and destroyers.

It was hell let loose.

Reynolds himself manned one of the guns. It is pretty certain he shot down at least one of the enemy. But the sky was raining bombs and machine-gun bullets. In that chaos of death no man could tell what was happening.

Then the enemy warships began to put up a heavy shell barrage at point-blank range.

Must Get Through

Some of the seamen wanted to turn back. Their puny fire had deflected the aim of the Axis bombers. One packet of H.E. after another had zumphed into the sea. This cold, scientific barrage was different.

Reynolds cheered them. "We've got to get through," he said, "and take our chance!"

Some of the sailors had been so long ashore that they were seasick. Inspired by "The Lion," they carried on. One of the skippers, wounded in the legs, still stuck to his bridge.

Providence seemed to smile on such gallantry. Torpedoes swished by harmlessly. Then course had to be set to avoid the minefields.

In the midst of it, as the indomitable little fleet still forged onward, inscrutable destiny lent another hand.

A sea fog swirled down and veiled them. Visibility was nil. The bombardment ceased. The crews could hear but not see the German bombers. The submarines were outraced.

Odyssey of Hell

Some of the ships were admittedly sunk in that 400-mile odyssey of Hell Passage. The majority, amazingly, reached port unscathed. One had only a small hole chipped in her bridge plating.

Brian Reynolds went home to Chepstow for a few days' break, and said very little of what he had gone through. To-day he's with one of the Services.

But still hall-marked "hush-hush." . . .

This Means the End of Malaria!

WE haven't heard so much about malaria in this war.

The reason is a synthetic compound known as Atabrine.

It is saving the lives of thousands of soldiers. In the post-war world it will save the lives of millions of people, and will at last spell "finis" to the age-old scourge of malaria.

Originally developed by the Germans as a safeguard against a possible shortage of quinine, Atabrine astonished its discoverers by proving to be an almost unbelievably great improvement on the original quinine treatment.

Whereas quinine, among its various other drawbacks, took at least a month to effect a cure, Atabrine does the trick in five days!

At one point, it was thought that the Germans would enter the war with a monopoly of this invaluable secret. Fortunately, though, the great German dye trust of I.G. Farbenindustries sold certain details of the formula to America, keeping the essential secret ingredients to themselves.

* * *

But they underrated American scientists.

The secret was unearthed, and by 1939 Atabrine had reached the stage of mass production in the United States.

With the loss of much of the world's quinine-producing area to the Japs, America would have been dangerously handicapped in the Pacific jungles without Atabrine.

The power of Atabrine can be shown by the result of one experiment, typical of many.

The population of Glynn County, Georgia, had been malaria-ridden for years, at least 70 per cent. of the residents being crippled by the disease.

In 1934 it was decided to begin treatment with Atabrine, and early cases showed such amazing results that the pills were employed among an increasing number of patients.

Within two years the disease had been mastered. There has not been a single death from malaria in Glynn County since 1936!

* * *

And since supplies of Atabrine have been flown to the plague spots of the world, men are working normally among swarms of malaria mosquitoes!

Even that version of the disease formerly accepted as fatal—blackwater fever—can be cured. Many such cases have been snatched back from the grave by Atabrine.

The benefits extend to children, too. In the case of a child, malaria often proves fatal, but it has been shown that children can take Atabrine with complete safety.

Another point about Atabrine—and this is particularly important in war time on account of transport difficulties—is that it does the work of twenty times its weight in quinine in a sixth of the time!

One ton of quinine is needed to cure 30,000 malaria cases in a month.

One ton of Atabrine will cure 600,000 cases in five days!

It needs no tables of statistics to show what this will mean in the future. It will mean life to millions who would otherwise die from malaria every year.

And the cost?

Based on American mass production figures, the cost of curing a case of malaria with Atabrine is approximately fourpence!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Write to "John Bull" About it

BERLIN MUST BE OUR

★ *It was a glib cry last time, but now it is the only possible end, and at this moment of tempting optimism it should be soberly realised that it means nothing less than the conquest of Europe*

Says A. G. GARDINER

"ON all fronts the war is heading to its dramatic climax this year," said a commentator on the Berlin radio a few days ago. It is a forecast that we endorse. This is the year of decision. If not the end, it will dictate the end.

The events of the winter have settled that. They have changed the whole character of the struggle. The Axis offensive is broken. The offensive of the United Nations has begun. Germany is at bay.

How fully this is realised in Germany itself is shown by the gloom that now overspreads the land. The iron of Stalingrad and Libya has entered the German soul, and from Press and radio comes the note of incipient defeatism.

Take as an example this from Dr. Horst Michael's article in the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten:*

> *"We have seen that six years' preparation were not sufficient. Had we been able to foresee in 1939 the sufferings which we Germans would have to face in North Africa, Rzhev or Stalingrad, Cologne, Lubeck or Rostock we should have collapsed or surrendered."*

This is the prevailing note in Germany to-day. It does not mean that the hour of collapse and surrender has come.

But it does mean that Germany has entered on this crucial year of decision with the knowledge of the catastrophic failure of her plans.

Her aim is no longer to conquer the world. It is to sustain and survive the siege into which the war has now resolved itself.

* * *

Do not let us be misled by this dramatic change in the character of the struggle. **THE TASK BEFORE US IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE CONQUEST OF EUROPE.**

What has been accomplished so far is the defeat of Hitler's scheme of universal empire. That defeat we may reasonably regard as final.

The double disaster he has sustained in Egypt and the Caucasus should be irrecoverable. It should end all his hopes of that victorious irruption into the Middle East which was the keystone of his strategy.

He will continue to fight in Russia, for he is too deeply bogged there to disengage himself. Mr. Stalin will see to that. And he must cling desperately to his last African foothold in Tunisia.

BUT THE RENDEZVOUS WITH JAPAN IN PERSIA IS "OFF" FOR EVER. IF HE STILL NURSED ANY HOPE OF REVIVING IT, MR. CHURCHILL'S SIGNIFICANT VISIT TO TURKEY WILL HAVE GIVEN HIM WARNING OF WHAT HE HAS TO EXPECT.

And, to digress for a moment, I think a word of gratitude is due to the Government for the remarkable foresight and skill it has shown in dealing with the Middle Eastern problem.

In Irak, in Persia and in Turkey alike they have forestalled every move of Hitler. To-day those countries form a solid bastion against the barbarians.

But to return to the great problem confronting us in the coming months—the conquest of Hitler's European fortress.

The first fact to seize is that the strategy of attack must be governed by the necessities of Russia. The claims of our great ally upon us are not only morally overwhelming. They are strategically imperative.

It is in Russia that the war machine of Hitler is being shattered and the manhood of Germany is being destroyed.

From the terrific blunder which led him into this slaughterhouse, Hitler has no escape. He cannot now follow the Napoleonic example of retreat.

He has committed himself too deeply to the enterprise to dare to throw up the sponge. He must go on, as he went on at Stalingrad, to the bitter end.

And the supreme service that we can perform for our ally is to harry him on all fronts and so weaken his resources in the decisive theatre of war.

* * *

Of all the calamitous consequences of the collapse of France, the most fatal was the inability it imposed on us to make a frontal attack on Germany from the West immediately Hitler struck at Russia.

Had that been possible, the war, in view of the astonishing revelation of Russian might, would probably have been over by now.

But with France out of the picture, with every port on the Atlantic coast of Europe in Hitler's hands, and with the enormous strain on our naval and shipping resources, such a venture, prematurely made, would have been criminal madness.

If it had failed it would have lost the war for Russia no less than ourselves.

SHORT OF THAT RECKLESS GAMBLE, WE HAVE SPARED NOTHING IN OUR EFFORT TO BACK UP RUSSIA.

With the vast supplies we have sent to her we might have averted the catastrophe in the East Indies.

With our ceaseless bombardment of the German and Italian cities we have carried the war into the heart of the enemy and kept great armies and thousands of 'planes from the Eastern Front.

With our Navy we have kept all the seas of the world open to our ally and closed to her enemy. And the brilliant stroke in North Africa has crippled, and will continue to cripple still more, Hitler's resources in Russia.

The truth is that we have fought, not on a second front only, but on half a dozen fronts from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

But now the time has come when we must risk all that we have, in the air, on sea and on land, to lift still more the burden from the back of Russia.

It is this plain duty, I take it, that was the main purpose of the Casablanca conference.

AND, REMEMBERING THE SUDDENNESS AND SECRECY OF THE GREAT STROKE IN NORTH AFRICA, WE MAY CONFIDENTLY LOOK FOR AN ASSAULT ON THE GRAND SCALE IN HITLER'S REAR THAT WILL DISPERSE HIS RESOURCES AT THE MOMENT MOST CONVENIENT FOR STALIN'S STRATEGY.

Where the blow (or blows) will fall we shall not know until the hour arrives. Nor will Hitler. It is our business to keep him guessing from Norway to the Bay of Biscay and from the Gulf of Lyons to the Ægean Sea.

No wonder they look worried! The picture was taken when Rat Laval (on Hitler's right) was summoned to Berlin recently. Count Ciano and Goering are the others in the "happy" group

——And the Fig

★ **Here's a glimpse of the Canadian Army, tough and trained to superb fighting pitch for the job they are so eagerly waiting to do**

By A. W. HELLIWELL

THERE were mud stains on the General's battledress. He wore his shabby beret at a rakish angle, and a heavy stabbing knife rested in a scabbard against his left hip.

Perhaps, judged according to standards of generals in immaculate uniforms and bleaming brass, he was a disappointment.

He looked—and I am sure he will forgive me—more of a fighter than a general, the type of companion you would choose to stand back to back with you in a rough house. And you could imagine men following him into any sort of hell.

★ ★ ★

This is the sort of soldier who will lead the Canadians into battle when they strike their long-awaited blow against the Nazis. I met him—and the meeting was one of the high spots of my tour—during a recent visit to the Canadian Army in the field.

I covered more than six hundred miles in less than a week, and when at the end of my trip General McNaughton, the G.O.C., told me

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GOAL!

But when we take the plunge we must take it with such a command of sea, air and land that there will be no turning back until we meet Stalin in Berlin. That is our goal.

* * *

What is Hitler's? It is to hold his fortress until we are exhausted. That is a vain hope. Or until the Allies quarrel. That is a still vainer hope. Or until Tojo comes to his relief in the Far East. Or, finally, until his U-boats have won the Battle of the Atlantic.

It is on this last chance that his hopes are mainly fixed. His dismissal of Raeder and his appointment of Doenitz, his U-boat ace, to the command of the whole navy is a warning.

It means he is going to gamble everything, surface ships and submarines alike, on a desperate attempt to cut our life-line or to work such havoc that we shall not have the transport necessary for a mighty offensive.

This is the most dangerous card in his hand. We defeated it with the armada to North Africa. With that experience we ought to defeat it when we launch the still more formidable armada for the conquest of Europe. But the risk is there.

IN THE LIGHT OF THAT RISK THE MOST URGENT OF OUR IMMEDIATE TASKS IS THE CONQUEST OF THE U-BOAT.

Is that conquest in sight? We do not know. And until it is, the attack on Hitler's fortress from the sea will be a grave hazard.

But the urgency is imperative. Hitler is preparing his counter-stroke in Russia. Before he can drive it home the thunderbolt must be launched at his rear.

Will the Generals Take Control?

How long will Hitler be allowed to retain supreme control of the German military machine? The question is being debated more and more insistently as each day swells the disasters overtaking his armies in Russia and the myth of his strategical genius is exposed

IT is not difficult to guess the thoughts of Von Paulus, whom Hitler graciously presented with a Field-Marshal's baton on the day he gave in at Stalingrad.

He, the leader of what was described as the finest tank army in the history of the world, had learned the grim business of war in a forty years' career as an officer.

True, he belonged to those German generals who gladly welcomed and even helped Hitler to power, and who were enthusiastic when the Nazis rewarded them with everything that makes a professional soldier's heart beat louder.

Paulus and his friends had troops again, fine weapons, tanks and 'planes and a chance to avenge the defeat of 1918.

They were grateful to him; they took his orders as willingly as they accepted his bribes, his medals, his eulogies. Conveniently they forgot that these orders, medals and promotions came from an ex-corporal with a very doubtful and limited military education.

And while his orders led them from victory to victory they were even content to see the traditional political power of their organisation, the German General Staff, subordinated to Hitler's whims and wishes.

But German generals are not only ruthless enemies; they are dangerous friends. They had made their silent bargain with Hitler, but they were determined to keep their hands on the profits.

And the time came when these profits seemed to slip through their fingers.

Von Paulus had little time to enjoy his Field-Marshal's baton

Goering himself told the world how the generals warned Hitler not to attack Russia:

"For God's sake!" they screamed, according to Goering, don't touch Russia!"

It must have been a unique occasion on which Hitler told his generals that he would disregard their advice. It must have been a stormy interview in which they implored him not to risk his—and their—military profits in a dangerous adventure.

To-day we know that their protest grew so loud that Hitler had to silence the warning voices with force. "The cowards and weaklings, the doubters," as Goering called them, had to be eliminated.

In Same Boat

Among them are names famous in military circles. Among them are men whose military experience can beat Hitler's intuition hands down.

But once more the rest of the German generals obeyed Hitler and put their skill at his disposal. They knew they were in the same boat as their mad leader. They realised that they would have to do or die with him.

Scores of them were killed in Russia. In Africa, too, nearly half a dozen were eliminated.

In a dozen hedgehogs on the Eastern Front, German generals have suffered hardships greater than those experienced by any other soldiers of their rank.

Was that what they had bargained for? Follow the Fuehrer? Yes, but towards victory!

Now defeat stared into their arrogant faces, and after a short-lived offensive last summer they were back in their hedgehogs again.

Is it surprising that they should begin to doubt Hitler's wisdom? Is it not inevitable that they should compare their own military experience with the slipshod, mad scramble of the ex-corporal to acquire knowledge of strategy from a few books?

German generals rarely revolt! They are unlikely to violate the oath of allegiance which they gave Hitler.

But they have a way of getting their own way, which may baffle even the Nazis, masters of intrigue though they are.

Goering's Threats

As I know them it seems doubtful that they are impressed by Goering's threats to deal with weak generals as he would deal with cowardly soldiers.

See what they are doing! Already in Stalingrad they have given an example of their independence.

"Fight to the finish!" was Hitler's order. "The word 'capitulation' does not exist in the German vocabulary!" screamed Goebbels.

Yet German generals—quite important ones — surrendered.

In spite of Hitler—even against his explicit orders—these men have surrendered. And other German generals note their decision.

They're Cunning

What does it mean?

These German generals have now a chance to recover their old influence. They have proved in the past that they are cunning and skilful enough to seize such opportunities.

Do not expect that they will stage a dramatic coup against Hitler. Have no hopes of a rebellion among the German generals.

Rather watch how members of a cunning class worm their way back into an unassailable position.

Only step by step will they rid themselves of the overriding and catastrophic authority which Hitler exerted on them. Already, even if only slowly, one can see them trying to take the German war machine back into their hands.

Famous generals like Bock, Manstein, Hoth have disappeared from the Russian front.

They are said to be either in disgrace or travelling to inspect other fronts. But we'll hear of them again, in spite of Hitler.

Harder Resistance

Rundstedt, senior German Field-Marshal, is supreme in France. Hitler had to curb all the political underlings, like Abetz, whom Rundstedt would not allow to meddle in his affairs.

Manstein—if it is true that he is in the Balkans—is Rundstedt's best friend. And, like Rundstedt, is not likely to accept too much Nazi advice.

While we cannot but rejoice at these signs of the break-up of the Hitler myth, we must realise that the immediate outcome is likely to increase the resistance the Allies will have to face.

For more danger comes from the skill of German generals than from Hitler's greatest intuition.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

...ing Fit Canadians Mean to be There

...en were ready to ...row if necessary, ...king the truth.

... all those rumours ...eard about the ... having suffered ... had to wait so ...ght. That's not ...—it's nonsense!

...s men could pos... ...ently trained and ...; and all they ...ce to show Hitler ...ly a side-show.

*

... battledress, with ...de and an auto... ...under one arm, is ..., aggressive spirit ... Army.

...time that would ...uld be revealed, ...oured Division he ...w material into ...ing unit. When ... took over there ...the division who

...he first tanks off ...nd the first batch ... their preliminary

...azing. He works ...y and begrudges ... dozen hours on ...ugh and hard... ...face of a ring ... to me that some ...unorthodox—but

He has sailed round the world and fought in two revolutions as a soldier of fortune as well as in France during the last war. It was there that his enthusiasm for tanks was first kindled.

"It was the terrible slaughter at Passchendaele that made me realise the importance of tanks," he said, "and since then I have never altered my opinion. I believe that tanks will prove to be one of the deciding factors in this war."

His division is equipped with Rams, Canada's own tank, the design of which is largely the General's own work. The Ram is still on the secret list, but it has been tested in action, and from details of its performance and armament that were revealed to me, I can tell you that it will give a good account of itself.

The General allowed me to "sit in" at a lecture on the tactics of tank warfare which he gave to his officers.

He doesn't mince words or hesitate to call a spade a spade—and, believe me, that lecture room was no place for the squeamish.

* * *

A tank battle can be a bloody and terrifying experience, and, bluntly, and with illustrations that were often grimly realistic, he brought all the horror of war into that little room with its blackboard on an easel and the attentive officers seated on wooden forms before him like a class of schoolboys.

But, grim as it was, I am sure the lesson would stick. I know I shall not forget it. And I am sure the men who listened will be better tank officers for having heard it.

"Fighting Freddie" is the General's name, not only in his own division but throughout the whole Army, and there isn't a Canadian who wouldn't be proud to serve under him.

He has a personality that hits you with the same breath-taking effect as a cold shower on a winter's morning and an enthusiasm for his job that has infected his whole division.

To every new officer he hands a "thumb-nail" sketch of himself which includes such observations as:

"I am inclined to blow off steam, especially to my staff. This is a safety valve. However, do not disregard these storm signals when they fly."

* * *

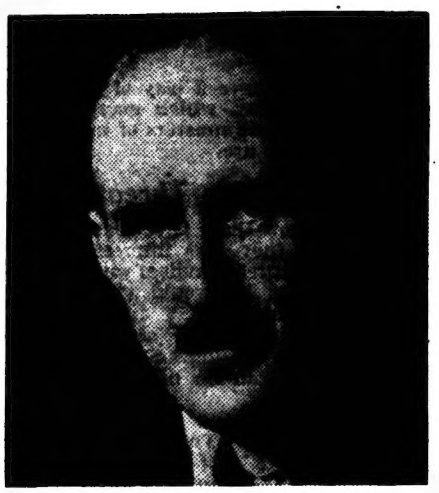
"When I ask you for comments I want your honest opinion and not what you think I would like to hear. In other words, do not become a 'yes man' with me."

"I am inclined to judge the military skill of my officers by those under him."

Blunt and outspoken, a strict disciplinarian and intolerant of slackness and inefficiency—he is all these things.

But what a soldier and what a magnificent leader! And how his men will follow him when he leads them into battle!

NEW LURES FOR LIKELY AIR RAID SUFFERERS



Capt. Crookshanks, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, is the man who should clean up the whole of this business.

MY attention was drawn recently to a series of nicely displayed advertisements appearing in numerous local newspapers, particularly those circulating on the South Coast.

Headed, in black type, "Enemy Raiders Over Coast," they were clearly intended to appeal specially to people living in coastal towns.

Fee of 5s.

They intimated that a payment of 5s. not only entitled applicants to become "members" of the advertising body, but also would enable them to participate in an insurance policy for payments respecting air raid injuries.

The 5s. fees were to be forwarded to what is called in the advertisements the S.E.L.T. Society, of 259, Queen's Road, London, S.E.15, from whom further details would then be forthcoming.

This title, I find, is an abbreviation for the South East London Tontine Society, which was originally a kind of a slate club and is registered as a Friendly Society under the Friendly Society Acts.

Its present functions are very varied in scope, however, and some of them seem open to criticism.

Certainly the advertisements headed "Enemy Raiders Over Coast" are in many respects worded in a very confusing manner and are a piece of sheer impudence.

Who, among those genuinely seeking air raid insurance, would—to begin with—expect to find the headquarters of this Society in the basement of a rather dilapidated dwelling house in the metropolitan district of Peckham?

Further, how many people looking for genuine air raid insurance cover would expect to find that the Society's extraordinary activities seem more concerned with all kinds of racing propositions savouring strongly of lotteries?

Applicants are told, for example, that the Society has a pensions scheme which, according to the injuries received, will range from £5 to £1 a week.

The funds from which these pensions will be paid will come, according to the Society's advertisements and literature, from what is called its "Special Derby Allotment."

Exactly how the scheme operates I don't know.

But the newspaper advertisements state that "Your 5s. subscription *covers* Insurance Policy," yet it becomes clear later, when applicants for membership obtain further particulars from the Society, that they must continue subscribing to it at the rate of 5s. a month!

Queer Allotment

Further, the advertisement states: "If you join at once you will also participate in our Lincoln Allotment."

What, exactly, does this mean?

It is not even yet settled whether there is to be a Lincoln Handicap this year, or any racing at all at Lincoln!

The Lincoln has not been run since 1941 owing to war exigencies, and noted racing experts tell me that it is a hundred to one against any such meeting in 1943.

It is surely presumptuous therefore on the part of the Society, to say the least, to suggest that, in return for spending 5s. on a "membership" fee, applicants will gain some additional advantage from this curious "Lincoln Allotment."

What is this Society really trying to do?

I am not concerned with its functions in so far as it is running the ordinary business of a Friendly Society, but what is to be said of it when it mixes up insurance for air raid injuries with horse-racing business?

Investigators have found that this South East London Tontine Society has in recent years promoted several "draws."

On the last St. Leger it ran one, and invited its members to bring their friends in as members of the Society, so that they, too, could participate in the advantages of the horse racing scheme.

And all the time the ball goes on rolling and new members are added to the books by enticements of the type to which I have alluded.

The law calls for no appropriate or adequate returns of the financial end of the business of a registered Friendly Society.

This is an omission which we and others have often called upon Parliament to remedy.

One reader who made several specific complaints to the Society and was dissatisfied with explanations communicated with the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

Asked Registrar

He received an illuminating reply which informed him that the transactions to which he referred "are matters outside the powers of the above Society according to its rules."

It continued:

"Although the Registrar observes that the correspondence makes use of the Society's name, registered number and address, the transactions cannot be regarded as being the transactions of the Society, and must be regarded as the private transactions of the actual persons who are running the scheme."

Such comments speak for themselves!

In literature used in connection with the offers made in recent advertisements about enemy raiders over the coast, a "Committee of Management" is referred to. This Committee should take note of these observations made by the Registrar.

If in Doubt

The man who signs the main correspondence is a Mr. Jas. P. Phillips, who is described as "Hon. Secretary."

The Society is trying to recruit "members" in both Brighton and Portsmouth.

People should certainly not be tempted by lures of big wins in racing propositions and other schemes to get themselves covered by obscure and purely "local" concerns of this uninspiring type.

There are forms of air raid insurance, apart from the Government schemes, which afford a straightforward cover for various risks.

If readers are in the slightest doubt about any offer I will be only too glad to advise them if they will write to me *before* committing themselves.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. Smith, Woodfold Place, Granville Road, Blackburn, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

I am always glad to receive particulars of any suspected scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WILL RUSSIA GO RIGHT THROUGH?

● While everyone is applauding the miraculous achievements of the Soviet armies, many are asking, "How far does Stalin intend to go?"

Several times he has declared that his plan is to drive every German off the soil of Russia.

After that?

I am assured by high-up people who should know that it depends on us—the extent of the contribution made by the Allies, and, particularly, the early launching of a Second Front.

Stalin has declared that he will not make a separate peace.

But if Stalin stopped his advance it might alter the whole course of the war.

For this, and for many other reasons, absolute and complete unity between Russia, America, China and ourselves is the all-important factor.

DOES THE ARMY WELCOME IDEAS?

● We should have learned, years ago, the lesson of what General McNaughton has done in the Canadian Army.

When his forces, after Dunkirk, were given the job of defending the South of England, he saw the opportunity of spending the time in developing a really first-class self-contained unit.

He announced that he would welcome ideas from any man in the Army, however low his rank. This was not mere words. It was a pledge that was kept.

In consequence, the Canadian Army, small though it may be, is probably the finest unused striking force in the world.

Only now—in 1943—are idea-boxes being provided in all the units of the British Army.

And, by the way, McNaughton has a colonel who is only twenty-seven—a peace time civilian who commands one of his best regiments.

WHY ISN'T FARMING HELP PLANNED?

● No visitor to a big city in Britain can fail to be struck by the vast number of men and women who are obviously doing nothing in the war.

Farm work of some kind or another could be done by people of any age. And it should be done now—when the Minister of Agriculture has had to warn farmers that the Army will be too busy to help them this summer.

I am amazed at the way in which Civil Defence workers are not *made* to do part-time war work, instead of being stopped.

Only after months of agitation were some firemen allowed to spend part of their idleness in making munitions of war.

WHY NOT HELP THE OLD FOLK?

● It is amazing that it has been left to the Greater London Council of Grocers' Associations to appeal to their traders to do more to help Old Age Pensioners to get priority cheap food.

Surely this is a job for Lord Woolton? He cannot be accused of having neglected the welfare of the ordinary poor citizen in the rationing of food.

Indeed, quite justifiably, he has boasted of how he has looked after the poor rather than the rich. Obviously, therefore, the matter has not reached his notice.

If, because of the Treasury, pensions cannot be increased—and they should be made larger—there are several ways in which the Government, by using its powers, can make the pensions go as far as possible.

Ramp that Takes the Biscuit

"NO Hall or Landing Lights Needed with Spook Radium Luminous Discs on door-handles, switches, stairs; 1s. 9d. each; 6, 9s. 3d., 12, 18s.—Byrne, 359, Grange Road, London, S.E.19."

This advertisement appeared recently in one of our most reputable National newspapers.

A reader sent for half a dozen, with payment in advance, and received a shock when the precious discs arrived.

They looked like little pieces of adhesive plaster affixed separately on about a square inch of gauze, with only slight luminous power.

"Received with thanks," G. Byrne had scribbled on his unheaded receipt. "Many apologies for delay due to great number of orders and delay in delivery of materials."

I have reported the matter to the Advertising Association in the hope that some action can be taken to stop such an obvious racket.

Once again I repeat my constant warning that it is always undesirable to send money in advance for goods of any kind to firms or people whose names are not well known.

There would be far less cause for complaint if people would follow this rule consistently.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

MR. PEABODY'S MASTERPIECE

★

By HEDLEY BARKER

MR. JAMES PEABODY staggered ashore and fell on his face. As a desert island it was even worse than he had been led to expect. No trees, no birds, no monkeys, no anything.

But at least he had beaten the sharks.

Moreover, he had managed to save from the wreck most of his goods and chattels. These comprised a diary, an idea book, and ninety-eight pound notes.

Also there still remained a box of sea-biscuits, two kegs of water.

Altogether, he was in luck. The thought of the idea book made him particularly fussy with himself.

As soon as he was able, Mr. Peabody sat up and looked about him. A lot of sand, one or two dispirited bushes, and the sea.

This didn't dismay Mr. Peabody. Indeed, he rather welcomed it. He'd be able to put in a bit of quiet thinking. No bells ringing in the pantry, nobody clapping his hands in the blessed saloon for the steward.

At this point Mr. Peabody sprang up and raced for the boat, which was in some danger of being carried out to sea. Having hauled it up on to the beach, he had a bit of a snack, a drink of water.

Next he took out an oilskin parcel from the stern locker and unwrapped the two books. They were large and thick. One of them bore the title "Diary of J. W. Peabody," and it contained the record of his daily doings for the last ten years.

Ordeals by water, by fire, perilous treks through jungles, hair-raising encounters with cannibals—these matters had been all in the day's work for Mr. Peabody.

What he called humdrum stuff.

"For real excitement," he would say, "you got to go to the mind. Ideas. I'm a bit of a novelist, you know."

Opening the diary, Mr. Peabody turned up the required page, wetted his pencil on his tongue, and inscribed the date:

September 28th.—This day am landed on an island in the south Pasific after 14 days in an oapen boat. Never seen wheather so terific in these parts, several times I am thinking it is it U.P. with me, the sharks coming right inshore, snapping there horible jaws and so on. Wheather now abaiting and am fairly well off for vitals, biscits and water O.K.—Sined J. W. Peabody.

This done, he closed the diary and returned it to the oilskin.

Darkness fell on Mr. Peabody's speck of an island. Mr. Peabody, a smaller speck still, supposed that he ought to be getting some sleep.

But sleep was beyond him. He was much too excited. He had come to a milestone in his life; the great turning-point where he threw away the dish-cloth of the steward and took up the pen of the novelist.

All his life Mr. Peabody had worked and striven and saved for the day when he should first appear in print.

Sleep? He couldn't even sit still. All that night under the watching stars Mr. Peabody paced the silent sands. He was in a fever to begin.

With short breaks for meals he wrote until he could no longer see, fell down and slept like a log, rose, and wrote again

Plot, chapter-headings, main scenes, rough sketches of character—all were ready in his idea book.

Before daylight he had snatched a hasty meal. And at dawn's first crack he was writing like a man possessed.

With short breaks for meals he wrote until he could no longer see, fell down and slept like a log, rose, and wrote again. Sunsets followed dawns, days came and went like claps of thunder. Mr. Peabody was lost, wrapped up, entirely unaware of time, of things.

SO that his first intimation of rescue was the sharp blast of a liner's whistle.

How long had he been on the island? He didn't know. About a fortnight he supposed.

"Too busy," he told his questioners.

"Writing," said Mr. Peabody. "Bit of a novelist, you know."

One of the men on board gave him an introduction to a publisher.

"No judge myself," he said, "but if there's anything in your stuff at all, he'll snap it up. Very live man. Give you an opinion on the spot."

By the time Mr. Peabody arrived in Tilbury Docks the novel was finished. He lost no time. In less than an hour he was sitting in the publisher's office, his heart jumping like old boots.

"Gallant Lord Devereux," by James Walter Peabody. The publisher fluttered the leaves, shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Peabody."

"No?" Mr. Peabody's voice was pitifully small, almost frightened.

"I don't want to be discouraging, but if I were you——"

"I'll do another," said Mr. Peabody desperately. "This is my first. With practice——"

"Does this mean a great deal to you?"

"Everything," he mumbled. "I—I've banked on it. There isn't a day but what I've thought about it. Lifelong ambition, see? If I was to fail now——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Gilder, gently.

"I can't," muttered the author despairingly. "I mustn't."

At twelve midnight he wrote in his diary:

Ten thousand words compleated this day. Gilder is wrong. I shall be a grate writer. I have sworn to myself this solem oath. Given under my hand this 30th October. J. W. Peabody.

He closed the diary. The covers were hanging by threads. Have to get it rebound.

Two months later Mr. Peabody laid his tattered diary on a chair in Mr. Gilder's office and handed over the manuscript of "Lady Vere's Sacrifice."

GILDER read a page or two. It was hard to meet Mr. Peabody's eager eye; harder still to tell the brutal truth.

"Mr. Peabody," he said, "everyone has his limitations. You must be prepared to recognise yours. If there were the slightest chance of your ever becoming a novelist I would say so. But there isn't. Er——have you anything else in view?"

"No. I hadn't thought." Mr. Peabody managed a wry smile; made a hopeless gesture. "I counted on it. Night and day for twenty years."

Mr. Peabody arose, shook hands. Outside in the street he dragged his footsteps along the pavement, unheeding, oblivious of the crowd.

Anything else in view?

Of course. Stewarding. Back to sea. The bell ringing in the pantry, big seas coming over the fo'c'sle head.

Wearily he approached his diggings. He was feeling for his latchkey when a taxi pulled up behind. An excited voice shouted "Peabody!"

Mr. Gilder grabbed him, thrust him inside, closed the door.

"Man," he said, "you're made, you're going to be famous. That book——"

"'Lady Vere's Sacrifice'?" cried Mr. Peabody. "I knew——"

"'Lady Vere' be jiggered!" said Mr. Gilder heartily. "'Diary of J. W. Peabody'—that's what I mean. It's life. It pulsates. It—damn it, it's a masterpiece!"

Who Can You Believe?

THERE are times when I stop trying to work it out.

You can understand it when it was a long time ago. Things get altered as the years go by. A century will turn a square brick into a round pebble.

But *now*, when it's still a brick and square. . .

Take the first of the resumed raids on Berlin the other night. One eye-witness said the defences of the German capital, always "hot," had been hotted-up. Another was surprised by the "light flak."

One said the searchlights simply shut in the 'planes. Another said there were only two searchlights. A third said only one.

And then the first of the resumed raids on London. "A small force," said my morning paper. And then, lower down the column (same paper!), a "sky full" of 'planes.

★ ★ ★

Yes, there are times when I stop trying to work it out.

What is an eye-witness?

Before the war we all knew that if we took in six newspapers on the morning after a big fight we'd get six quite different accounts of what took place.

I don't worry much about Alfred and the cakes.

That is a long time ago and it isn't an eye-witness's account any longer.

If we could go back the distance and poke our noses into what isn't our business we should probably find that it didn't take place in the Isle of Athelney at all, that it wasn't Alfred but somebody else, and that they weren't cakes.

I think it is likely that Jack and Jill went *down* the hill. That would be a more likely place to find a well.

But that doesn't worry me.

It's the things that happen now that beat me.

When three present-day eye-witnesses of a dog-fight at the end of the road tell me that it's (a) a cat-fight, (b) a motor smash, and (c) a murder, my head begins to spin.

★ ★ ★

Surely these eye-witness people have got ordinary intelligence.

I talked the matter over with my friend Smith, and he said the only thing to do was to use your own intelligence and take no notice of what you read in the papers.

"Be *your own* eye-witness," he said. "Take the Beveridge Report. If you'd read the *Daily This* you'd have thought it was the greatest thing of modern times. But if you'd read the *Daily That* you'd have thought it was the last nail in Britain's coffin."

"That is so," said I.

"All *I* read," said Smith, "was the Report itself. Blow the newspapers and their warped opinions."

"Me, too," said I.

"And what do you think?" asked Smith.

"I think," said I, "that's it's the greatest thing of modern times."

"You do?" said Smith. "Myself, I think it's the last nail in Britain's coffin."

As I say, there are times when I stop trying to work it out.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

COMPLACENCY NUISANCE

A word that is becoming as much a nuisance in this war as "Mesopotamia" was in the last is "complacency."

It has been used so often and so recklessly that it is doubtful if those who use it know any more what it really means.

Whenever there is any good news, whenever things look more cheerful, we are promptly warned against "complacency."

Well, let's leave the complacency-howlers to their howling. Nobody takes any notice of them any more.

Let's concentrate a moment on the real danger of complacency to the individual who is always inclined to be a little self-satisfied if, for the moment, he is doing something rather well.

There's no reason in the world, of course, why we shouldn't, under these circumstances, feel self-satisfied, or even complacent, as long as we don't let the feeling become a settled habit.

As long as we recognise it for a momentary glow of reward, there's no harm in it at all. A little of it, like strychnine, may be a useful tonic. A lot of it can be deadly poison.

The truth is that we never ought to be satisfied for long with the way we have done anything.

We should always be convinced that it can be done better. We can never achieve perfection.

Something better, something smoother, something more effortless is therefore always possible, and we should recognise this fact and aim towards its achievement.

★ *If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

HUMANIST GIVES FRANK ADVICE ON RELIGION

WHEN we are very young we believe all the adults tell us. Later on we get some shocks of disillusion which undermine our faith.

One of the most miserable days in life comes when we learn that the Father Christmas story is false and that our parents deceived us.

It is not surprising that young people in their 'teens should pass through a mood in which they challenge all they have been taught. A letter from a young man reached me the other day, from which I quote a few passages.

"Until recently," *he writes*, "I firmly believed in religion, and have been to church three times every Sunday.

"But a friend tells me that Christ was a kind of doctor, that the 'miracles' can easily be explained, and that all the stories have been exaggerated in the telling.

"Other friends believe that the religious teaching of the Church exists only for the purpose of keeping law and order, and that the Church has always been scared of science because it has other explanations of the world.

"I was a bit perturbed when I heard all this, and should like to hear your opinion on the subject. I am writing this without my parents' knowledge, as they would only laugh at me."

"My friend is deeply worried"

The young man feels like a ship that has broken anchor and is adrift without chart or compass. What he needs is not ridicule or scolding, but honest help.

There are many thousands of other young people in the same boat. But before I say more I should like to quote from another letter:

"I have a very dear friend," *says the writer*, "who has been keeping a book of his thoughts which, in a moment of desperation, he showed to me. I am very worried about him.

"He cannot believe in a personal God. He is much too sensitive and meek to have such thoughts. He needs some Being to turn to in his weakness.

"He wrote:

"'*Why couldn't I live a nice quiet life in comfort? How I wish I didn't think these things. They worry me badly, and I'm too young to worry about such problems.*

"'*Why can't I enjoy my life instead of feeling that I had the burden of the whole world upon my shoulders? Why? Why?*'

"Is there anything I can do to get this young man back to his old state of mind? Please help me to bring him back into the natural way of things. He is only sixteen—too young to be tormenting his mind with riddles of the universe."

INTELLIGENT young men have always tried to solve the enigmas of existence—the meaning of life and death, the ultimate mystery of creation.

But when they grow older they decide to do the duty immediately before them and leave the final solution to others.

A generation ago it was thought that science had destroyed religion. The world could be explained by physical laws which were unalterable. Man was a collection of atoms.

To-day that idea is obsolete: there is something in human nature that cannot be explained away with a wave of the hand.

Let me return to my earlier illustration of a ship's need of a compass. The compass needle cannot be explained by anything within the ship. Its everlasting straining for one direction is a mystery until one learns of the magnetic North Pole.

I think there is something in the human heart which cannot be explained by biology—a straining and yearning after something outside itself—some great power which draws consistently and gives it no respite.

Another thing: every building supplies some definite need of man. The house for shelter, the hospital for healing, the theatre for amusement, the shop for food and clothing.

If this argument is true, we have to find some explanation for the church, which is the oldest and most widespread of all. Spiritual hunger is as real as physical thirst.

The first young man appears to think that religion rests upon miracles. If all the miracles could be discounted the main teachings of the Gospel about right living would stand as an ideal which has never yet been attained by humanity.

THE second young man should stop his brooding over mysteries and either go out more—and not on solitary rambles, please—or, if he is afraid of company, he should read different sorts of books.

We all ought to do a certain amount of serious thinking about politics, economics, international affairs, social reform; but when thought becomes a torture it is well to take a rest for a time. The people who never think at all are apt to become both bores and bored.

Human beings develop life in three directions—physical, intellectual and emotional. If one is neglected we are unbalanced. The secret of a good life is to combine all three in just proportions.

COMPANIONS OF THE SOUL

WE can't be with some people for long without feeling we'd like to be good. Feeling we'd like to do something worth while and to be what we know that we should. To cut out some habit we've formed and which we really despise, and to get back some virtue which made us feel we could look the whole world in the eyes.

WE can't be with some people for long without desiring to do our best, without longing to quit Life's lesser roads and to climb to its Golden Crest. Such people bring forth the urge to uplift ourselves from Life's mire, they're the Companions of the Soul beneath Faith's Cathedral Spire.

WE can't be with some folk for long before feeling their character pour; the desire to be rid of what we've become into what we were once before. And this is GOOD INFLUENCE, my friends, and it's worth all the Fine Fellow Stuff that pretends to have all our interests at heart, but is really just noisy BLUFF.

J. M.

VOICE OF THE

OUR young men scattered over the globe in the battles for freedom are paving the way for the new type of diplomat the changed world will demand. A letter from Sig. A. G. Hoskins, who is in India, to his parents at Warwick Road, Kensington, London, says:

Since working here on this special job of ours we have come into contact with the average Indian, and I find him a thoroughly likeable fellow who goes out of his way to help you.

They read a great deal, especially about other countries, and often when you are chatting with them you find that they know more about our country than we do ourselves!

The Indian when he goes in for education is wholeheartedly on the job. The chaps working with us are Bachelors of Science, and they treat their studies as part of their normal training, as a preparation for a quite ordinary type of job.

I think we can learn a great deal in India which should lead to a better understanding between two great nations.

LESSON FRA' SCOTLAND

And here's a letter with a moral from Gunner R. A. Foster, stationed nearer home. From Scotland he writes to his cousin at Wright Street, Codnor, Derby:

The farmer was leaning over a gate, and in reply to our "How's trade?" he pulled four apples out of his pocket and gave us one each.

We sat on the gate contentedly munching, when, to our surprise, he asked for the cores. We handed them over, and when they were safely stowed away in his pocket he said: "They'll do for the pigs, y'know."

How's that for salvage-mindedness? I thought he must be a bit mean, but we were bidding him farewell, when he said: "Come up to the Glen, Saturday, we'll ha'e rabbit-pie for supper."

. . . We will!

DESERT SURPRISE

Two of the Dagenham Girl Pipers surprised some of the lads with the Advance Corps in the Desert. They turned up with an E.N.S.A. show, and Cpl. P. Morton wrote to his mother at Cragside to tell her all about it.

We had the "Dagenham Girl Pipers" here last week. I am not crazy; they actually turned up in this sandy hole!

They were part of an Ensa show which had flown over from West Africa. They called themselves "The Globe Trotters," and these Good Companions do seem to get around.

There were only two girl pipers, by the way, but they were grand. They played the "Road to the Isles" and "Over the Sea to Skye"—there was a lump in my throat as big as an orange. And did the boys applaud!

Many sketches come by airgraph from troops at the front. This one was sent by L/Cpl. E. Bradbury to his parents at Buxton Road, High Lane, near Stockport, Cheshire.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story and at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FLYING COWBOYS

Some of the Air Force boys sent to Canada for training find an odd moment to learn other things beside flying. L.A.C./G. Beaumant tells his parents at Saddleworth Road, West Vale, Halifax, Yorks:

I have just had fourteen days' leave and had a wonderful time on a farm and a ranch. I did a bit of rounding-up of cattle on horseback, and at the end

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I AM a 100-per-cent. disabled ex-Serviceman, and recently had to report for my "Medical." Minus my right leg I was examined by six separate doctors, presumably to establish the fact that I was disabled. Worse still, a week later I again received orders to report for my "Medical."—F. C. Bright, Hampton, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

I met a soldier (an ex 'bus-driver) who had been sent from North Wales to South Wales to learn to drive a lorry!—J. Carlin, Newport, Mon.

★ ★ ★

The Westminster Council will not give estate agents assessments over the 'phone. So in war time, with a short staff, we have to send someone by 'bus, wasting time and transport.—Miss L. Winthrop, Randolph Avenue, W.9.

★ ★ ★

War workers are in desperate need of alarm-clocks, and the ban on their importation should at once be lifted. Scarcity of alarm-clocks means lost working hours.—C. F. Smith, Jeweller, Hereford.

★ ★ ★

As a rabbit catcher I was paid 10½d. each by local dealer. These rabbits are retailed at 3s. each, so someone is making a big profit at the housewives' expense.—A. Coffey, Rainhill, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

People without passes cannot travel on 'buses after 9 p.m., yet as they have to walk they see 'buses go by practically empty! Does this make sense?—T. S. Crowther, Rotherham, Yorks.

TROOPS

first day I was so stiff I had to roll
my 'oss!
am no Tom Mix, but it's good fun
n you get hardened to it.
've also did some hunting for deer
things, but I'm afraid these animals
n't take us seriously.
ltogether we had a grand time—that
ns the animals as well. The hos-
lity of our hosts was something to
remembered, and we have a standing
itation to go back any time.

—BUT THE BEER!

There's apparently no lack of enterprise among the troops in West Africa. Writing to friends at Walworth, London, S.E., A.C.I./T. Gibbs, of the R.A.F., says:

n Saturday night a show was run
the station theatre, on the lines of
onday Night at Eight," and for our
talent feature there were stupen-
s prizes of 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 5s. for
best three acts.
few of us had decided to put on a
ss-talk act. I wrote out some of the
s I could remember from other
ws, and added some local and topical
es. We rehearsed as carefully as if
were going to appear in a Command
rformance, and then came the great
y.
thought our turn went over very
ll, and, believe it or not, we won the
t prize—the whole of 12s. 6d. But
dn't the heart to take the money, so
was handed back for next week's
ow.
BUT the beer situation is very bad!

NICE REST

Wounded at El Alamein, Pte. J. Kloss, after a period in hospital, is now well on the way to recovery. He writes to his mother at Robertson Street, Battersea, London, S.W.:

I am still in hospital, but I hope to
out again very soon. It has been a
easant interlude, for, besides the rest
d comfort, we get a fair amount of
tertainment, including films and
ncerts.
We also have occupational workshops,
here we can pass the time by making
ings from leather and wood.
It seems as if old Rommel is in a
urry to get home, doesn't it! Anyway,
must have had plenty of tips on
nning from the Italians, so it should
t take so very long for us to polish
m off.

ON ROMMEL'S HEELS

However quickly letters come from the Eighth Army, the chase of Rommel has been so rapid that they are far behind the news by the time they arrive. But this letter from Gunner J. H. Scattergood, R.A., to his parents at Crofton Road, North End, Portsmouth, still breaths the thrill of the great battle.

We have been roughing it proper,
ring to "developments" in this part
the world. We have travelled
rough the desert, sleeping in the
en, eating iron rations, washing when
e can, and driving through sandstorms.
One of our big problems is water, and
e are each allowed four pints a day
r drinking, cooking, and washing. We
ay not be too clean, but we are
eerful.
This place is littered with enemy uni-
rms, rifles, lorries, ammunition, and
undreds of things left behind when
erry bolted.
We have to be careful of booby traps.
ou may pick up an innocent-looking
erman helmet, only to have it explode
your hands. But we soon get wise to
ese little tricks.

★ In this war probably more than any other, non-fighters are right in the front line. They come from the Friends' Ambulance Unit, the Salvation Army, Naafi, and the Church, and they face the perils of the fiercest battles like hardened soldiers.

Here's a Naafi van well up the line—and the men in charge still carry on even when the bullets fly

Non-Fighters in the Front Line

By HARRIMAN DICKSON

PATSY SMITH was a comparative newcomer to the Friends' Ambulance Unit when he became involved in the "trifling" incident in the Middle East.

A creeping fog had enabled part of Rommel's forces to launch a surprise counter-attack, local in character. A plane dived towards Patsy and he flattened out in the sand.

Bullets spattered all round him. From somewhere on his left he heard a groan and crawled across. It was a wounded Cockney. Patsy went to work with water and bandages immediately.

The rising roar of tanks again. The roar developed into thunder. Hornets by the look of them . . . German tanks.

Sssff of shells overhead. The saucy wave of a tank's pennant—and then the sand billowed up like mist, guns spat through the gloom. British and German armour were tilting furiously at each other.

In Enemy Territory!

By now it was nearly sun-down, and suddenly Patsy saw a handful of Germans move cautiously past within ten yards of him. He was in enemy territory!

There followed a twelve-hour nightmare. The Cockney moaning a little every now and then. German patrols passing a few yards away, some of them coming within a few feet, but always just missing him.

Near dawn Patsy could stand the suspense no longer. He tried the weight of the Cockney. Then, waiting till everything seemed quite quiet, he carried the wounded man a hundred yards.

By short stages he made his way across the gully. It took him an hour and a half and he expected the Germans to open fire at every step.

He was on the point of collapse when he heard an English voice say, "Who the hell's that?"

They were safe at last.

Last to Leave

There is the epic story from Burma when the report came through . . . "The road's cut. They're evacuating the town." Some twenty ambulance men quietly ignored it.

While fire gutted the city, and every minute promised horrible death at the hands of the Japs, these men went stoically about their business of saving medical supplies and equipment.

They used every vehicle until they had just the station wagon left—a crazy patchwork van. It was in this that they drove off finally, the last men to leave the battlefront.

Naafi men in ordinary battledress take their vans right up to the battle areas, dispensing hard-boiled eggs and coffee as they go. They are frequently under fire.

On one occasion a mobile canteen became involved in a skirmish between part of the Eighth Army and the Germans.

Staggered the Troops

The driver did not attempt to withdraw. Instead he went on handing out food. Then he staggered the troops by driving his van right across the line of fire!

Eric Charles Smith's story is different in that it happened at sea.

Eric was nineteen and in the Naval side of Naafi. He was on board H.M.S. *Kandahar* when she went to rescue survivors of another battleship.

He proposed, very simply, to dive overboard and bring "a few back alive." There was a high sea running and his manager refused to let him try.

Some exciting moments followed, and Eric, noticing that the manager was busily engaged elsewhere, slipped to the side of the ship and plunged over.

For a moment it looked as though the giant swell would swamp him. Then he was up and thrusting on again. He reached and rescued one man.

Now it wasn't unique, by any means, to perform this feat. But to repeat it no fewer than nineteen times, as Eric did, in that wild sea, was definitely worth writing home about.

These Naafi men differ in one respect from other front-line non-fighters. They are armed and more than capable of taking care of themselves. But their immediate job is to supply front-line soldiers and sailors.

Sometimes they serve almost too effectively. The battered Naafi van, known as Noah's Ark in the Middle East, has figured in some dramatic moments.

The most peculiar occurred during a retreat. Noah's Ark had set up shop and begun handing out hard-boiled eggs to retreating British soldiers.

It soon spread down the line. Masses of men and lorries hauled up at the spot, and Noah's Ark ordinary cooking apparatus could not cope with the demand.

They then took huge pans into the open, lit fires and boiled eggs by the hundred. By now a mass of men and material had accumulated and threatened to become dangerous.

But not until a General drove up and personally ordered them to disperse, did the party break up. When Noah's Ark closed shop and rocked away, the Germans were hot on their heels!

Then there are the padres, the back-to-front collar merchants, as the lads describe them.

In a certain section of the Tel el Eisa ridge, recently, the sound of popular dance tunes could be heard coming from the dug-outs while long-range shells burst overhead.

On Fringe of Battle

Every now and then the music stopped, and then started up again near-by.

In those intervals the Rev. Berkeley Archbold was walking carefully between shell-holes on the ridge, his gramophone held firmly under his arm!

Archbold holds services near the front line with the aid of his gramophone. He plays the "Messiah," and the troops join in the singing. It's a queer business on the fringe of battle.

Some of these padres even learn parachuting.

Father Bernard Egan, thirty-seven-years-old peacetime games master at Beaumont College, was the first Roman Catholic priest to jump with the men of an airborne unit.

He wears the same uniform, and blacks his face for manœuvres. His clerical collar and black silk vest are the sole distinguishing marks.

He will run exactly the same risks as his men, but he will not fight. He will drop with them from the skies, help to succour the wounded, keep records of casualties, generally minister to their needs.

It's the same at sea.

Christopher Tanner was a graduate at Pembroke College, had played five times for England and got his Blue.

Brave Chaplain

He volunteered for the R.N.R. at the beginning of the war, and was posted as Chaplain to the cruiser *Fiji*.

When the Germans concentrated one of their most ferocious dive-bombing attacks on them, Kit Tanner ministered to the wounded. It soon became clear that the *Fiji* was doomed.

Suddenly Christopher Tanner seemed possessed of superhuman strength. When a rescuing destroyer came up, he made thirty trips between it and the sinking cruiser, each time bringing someone to safety.

Finally just one man remained. Kit insisted on going back. Everyone tried to dissuade him. Then suddenly he fell back in the water. They picked him up, but he died almost immediately.

VITAL LAST OUNCE

THIS is a year of vital decisions, and an all-out effort is equally essential in the less spectacular fields of endeavour as in the factories or at the front.

Yes; even our salvage drive must eclipse all past records, for it is the last ounce that tips the scales between victory and defeat.

Are *you* helping? If so, are you helping your hardest? Could you take on extra duties?

Salvage stewards are still needed to help co-ordinate all scrap collection. Local councils will gladly welcome all applicants.

Topping and tailing

When mother makes home-made jam she has to prepare the fruit by hand, and often 'topping and tailing' is a lengthy business. At Hartley's there's a 'tops and tails' machine that any housewife would envy, for it does the job at lightning speed. But although modern machinery does a great deal of the work, Hartley's methods of making jam are essentially the same as those of any British housewife. And that is why these jams are so excellent, both in quality and flavour, in spite of wartime difficulties and unavoidable Ministry of Food restrictions.

HARTLEY'S JAMS

Made the 'REAL JAM' *way*

H12

LAST LAUGH

F. K. (Dulwich).—"Grapes grow in one cultivated part of Libya." The Axis is sure they are sour.

J. J. (Brigg).—"Is there a man living who has not been taken in by a woman?" Well, not a married man.

BACHELOR (Luton).—"I have to get to work early in the morning, but cannot buy an alarm-clock anywhere. What shall I do?" Get married and find the wife a job that starts earlier than yours.

M. S. (Cheadle).—"My young son tells me he can sometimes hear humming noises in both ears." A sort of duet in a minor.

R. D. (Ballater).—"Whilst in Scotland I should like to wear the kilt, but there are two reasons why I may give up the idea." Your knees?

W. L. (Highgate).—"Plants have feelings just like human beings." A genteel aspidistra has been known to curl up its leaves with disgust when a parrot has said some'hing pungent about war time birdseed.

W. M. (Brighton).—"Germans have conveniently short memories." Not all. People in Berlin and other cities are still privately harping on what Goering said about no bombs and the R.A.F.

D. D. (Luton).—"A firewatcher complained that he was provided with tea, but did not get a biscuit." Apparently he wanted jam on it.

G. N. (Haslingden).—"Shoes for women are now soled with pliant wood." There is considerable uneasiness in juvenile circles that the idea may spread to paternal slippers.

F. E (Exeter).—"It has been noticed that many hikers still carry gas-masks." Now that the petrol-driven vehicle is so scarce they are apt to find the fresh air too strong.

J. K. (Yeovil).—"I fainted in a London restaurant, and a waiter brought me a glass of water." Not a bad idea. We suppose you ordered a meal before he could escape.

G. J. (Iver).—"Despite the need for economy in metal, millions of pins and needles manufactured every year are lost." But not altogether. Many turn up when one's foot goes to sleep.

S. D. (Widnes).—"And what are we, the mothers of England, expected to do faced with a shortage in prams?" Carry on.

B. B. (Bath).—"What will I have to pay for a six-roomed house after the war?" Too much.

OLD BILL WITH THE AMERICANS

"What! A Fortress does Lille and back in four hours! Blimey, it took me four years to do it, 'one way, the last time we 'ad this row."

Side-Slips

THE SURREY ADVERTISER:—"The adjudicator, Miss K——— M———, COMPLICATED them on their rendering of the test pieces. . . ."

THE BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—". . . . who 12 years ago undertook to kill the WEEKS at Lord's cricket ground. . . ."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . the making of a haybox and the WISHES that can be cooked in it."

HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY:—". . . he thought that it was proper for the council to look further into the question of making up the PLAY of employees."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The PLANTS, which went in to the attack at intervals of three or four minutes. . . ."

CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"Swinging in from the TEA, they first attacked at 21 ft. a flour lorry . . ."

RUDGE WHITWORTH LIMITED

Make more use of your

RUDGE

Britain's Best Bicycle

RUDGE-WHITWORTH LTD.

"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's — that famous standby — gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet — inc. tax — 1 coupon.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Living in a dingy London basement is the elderly widow of a man who served in the Great War. He died in 1940 after a lengthy illness.

Now Mrs. Robinson is having a hard struggle to live on her meagre income. Unhappily, she is subject to epilepsy, and therefore not in a fit condition to work outside her own little home.

Watertight footwear and warm winter clothing are among her most urgent requirements.

Will you send a donation to help this lonely woman, who is so severely handicapped? Letters earmarked "Widow," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,359

W. R. Johnson, 28, Overdale, Ashtead, Surrey, for this "Bullet":

WORK, WORK, WORK AND OUT GOES "NEW ORDER"!

£20: Miss E. James, 4, Percy St., Shrewsbury.
Left In The Battle—Shouldn't Make Shelters "Casualties."

£10: Cpl. L. Bond, R.A.F., 471, Oldfield Lane, Greenford, Middx.
When Nobody's Looking—Sergeant-Major Writes, "Dear Mummy—"

£5: A. Sims, 13, Chalks Road, Whitehall, Bristol.
Given A Garden—Mankind—Dug For Gold.

£4: L. W. Jarvis, 203, Odnes Rd., Forest Gate, E.7.
Wizard Wireless—Often "Vanishes"—Never "Vanishes."

£3: E. W. Passmore, 3, Compton St., Cardiff.
Running Into Trouble—Anzacs, Overtaking Flying Commander!

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2: J. Tite, 5, Albion Rd., New Mills, Stockport.
Left In The Battle—Peace. If Vigilance Lulled.

£1: E. Bold, "Westwood," New Rd., Redditch.
Struggling To Survive—Worm—Fish—Father—Banner!

£1: E. A. Reed, "Boythorpe," Shiney Row, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
At The Gershwin Pantomime Prompter's Guess Best Dames's!

£1: W. J. Champion, 18, Dominion Close, Worthing.
When Nobody's Looking—Sergeant Eyes Pistols Proudly.

£1: J. E. Andrews, Crosting Rd., Mill St., Stowmarket.
Now He's In Khaki—Different "Operations" Interesting Aunts.

£1: R. Holdsworth, 44, Spenton Ave., Bradford.
Left In The Battle—Dentist Gathering His Forceps!

A list of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD No. 311.

WINNING WORDS: 1. Paints. 2. Peep. 3. Clerk. 4. Rent. 5. Girth. 6. Fuel. 7. Diver. 8. Pane. 9. Tool. 10. Elbe. 11. Garden. 12. Risen. 13. Pooch. 14. Mouth.

Winner of £100: Miss E. LOVATT, 9, Grangewood Avenue, Off Sandon Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent.

Runners-up Award value £25 shared between 40 entrants.

FOOD FACTS

Thank the farmer—bless the weather—

for plenty of green vegetables *NOW!*

A mild season has advanced the crops—that's why health-giving green vegetables are top-of-the-bill this week. Make the most of them while they last! We all need all the Vitamin C we can get, *and* more variety in our diet. Make cabbage a "special" tonight. Make greenstuffs a daily "extra" while they stay plentiful and cheap. It's nothing but common sense to go for the good things while they are at their cheapest and most abundant. So fill up your shopping basket at the greengrocer's!

4 RULES FOR COOKING GREEN VEGETABLES

1. Don't soak green vegetables before cooking. Wash them thoroughly in cold salted water.
2. Cook them as quickly as possible.
3. Use only enough water to keep pan from burning. A teacupful is usually enough.
4. Bring water to the boil, put in shredded greens, put the lid on the pan and cook steadily for 10 to 15 minutes. Give the pan a shake once or twice during that time. Serve at once.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 135

Good health —good work

Never before has she worked so hard—up with the sun, at it all day long, with energy to spare and the promise of a good night's rest. It's easy she says, given good health. Remember, there is a Golden Rule of Health . . .

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 *(Including Purchase Tax)*
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

MORE CASH—CAKES AWAITING WINNERS!

PRIZES £125 needed for £100 CASH CROSSWORDS
Awards value £25 between Runners-up
50 4lb. CELEBRATION CAKES GIVE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 311 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 315

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. 5P Entry-fee for 1 Col. 5P 5P 5P

	CLUES														
1	AVERAGE SCHOOLBOY CARES LITTLE IF HIS IS UNIVERSALLY CRITICISED	P	A		S	I	N	G							
2	MAJORITY OF EMPLOYEES HATE		R		T										
3	PINCHING OF ONE IS TO BE AVOIDED				O	W	E	L							
4	A GOOD MANY PEOPLE ASSOCIATE THIS WITH FISH	R	O												
5	IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE YOU'LL FIND THIS IN NURSERY				O	L	L	Y							
6	THINK OF OLD SACRED MANY FIGHTS	P	U		T	S									
7	DRIVING ONE MAY DAZE YOU				I	G	H	T							
8	SHOOTING ON PRIVATIONS MAKES SOME MEN FEEL			S	R	E									
9	MANY PEOPLE ARE UNATTRACTED BY BEATEN ONE				R	A	C	K							
10	IT WAS NOT UNCOMMON TO FIND ONE IN BIBLE	P	O		Y										
11	CAN BE VERY USEFUL WEAPON IN EMERGENCY		R		B	B	L	E							
12	SEAMEN MAY FEEL FORCED TO RESORT TO	R	A		T										
13	EVERY OFFENDER IN THIS CITY OUT TO BE GIVEN GREATEST TREATMENT				O	U	N	D							
14	DARKNESS MIGHT BE THIS OF TARNISHED SILVERIES	R	O		K	E	D								

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin," dated Mar. 6.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY FEB. 22.
Signed .....
Address.....
315

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Fourth First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated March 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £1,200 for BULLETS—WIN YOURS TODAY!

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £1,200 25 FINE 4lb. CELEBRATION CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 35/- 34/- 32/- 30/-
1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar. 5.

ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE
ON THE OFFENSIVE
SERVICE TO HUMANITY
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
SWEETS OF VICTORY
THING WE WANT
OUT ON THE OCEAN
WORKERS EAGERLY AWAITED

MAN BEHIND THE COUNTER
BY KIND PERMISSION
THE END
HISTORIC OCCASION
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES
SIT OF A RACKET
HOME ON LEAVE
WHAT THE PADRE SAID
HE DID HIS DUTY AND
IN THE MUD
THE POINT IS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

ARMED WITH .....
AS QUICKLY AS .....
MADE.....LOOK SMALL
FALLING IN .....
BETTER FOR.....
WHEN IT COMES TO.....

BULLETS 1,350 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated March 6.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Feb. 22.
1,363

Signed.....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,363—of Xword No. 315, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

EASY SHAVING STICK

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

HOW TO DETECT IT— HOW TO PREVENT IT

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference. 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Sold Everywhere.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT —Clean!

Dear Sirs,
I suffered from weeping eczema, and after using all sorts of treatments I resolved to try Germolene. I had not been able to sleep at night for the irritation. After a week's treatment with GERMOLENE all traces of the trouble left me, leaving my skin quite clean. You can publish this letter so as to benefit other people. M. E. Darlington.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Chaps, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

"...and the LIGHTS will come back!"

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp or an uncurtained window? It is a strange fact. And it is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

Amid all our cares and troubles, we in this country have put the health of the children first; have done everything we could to make sure that they should suffer least of all.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a wonderfully good job in helping to keep the health standard high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. It has offset the effect of the inevitable restrictions of war time.

It can fairly be claimed that in helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow. We are all remembering, especially with kiddies, that health counts most.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Blackouts and winter weather rob your dog of regular exercise, but he will still be a healthy and happy companion if you condition him with Bob Martin's. A daily Bob Martin's — in powder *or* tablet form—will give your dog sparkling winter fitness.

In packets of 9 for 7d., 21 for 1/1½.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders or Tablets

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

Results so far show that most fighters in the Battle for Fuel have passed the recruit stage and are now seasoned troops. In the three services recruits have to pass a proficiency test and now we are asking Battle for Fuel fighters to test their own progress in this way.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Study the picture and test your answer by turning the page upside down.

YOUR ANSWERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN

1. No fire bricks.
2. Too much coal
3. Not banked up with ashes
4. Damper should be closed
5. Poker should not be used

If you are a really good fighter and pushing your fuel vouchers in the hands for fuel you should have spotted five errors in the picture. Now check up that all these economy points are included in your home.

FUEL PROFICIENCY MEANS FIGHTING EFFICIENCY

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Hard to get — but harder to do without!

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2D PER TABLET (1 COUPON)

does its job against germs in the home

KH 83-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.14

What is diphtheria Immunisation?

Immunisation is a safe means of preventing fatal diphtheria by two or three injections into the arm. If three out of every four children were immunised diphtheria would almost completely disappear.

Is Diphtheria Dangerous?

Yes, especially to young children. It attacks 60,000 and kills 3,000 every year. In those who recover, its after effects may continue for life. It is highly infectious.

Does Immunisation protect?

Yes. It is very rare indeed for a child who has had the full course of injections to develop fatal diphtheria.

When should it be done?

The younger a child is immunised the better; immediately after the first birthday is best. But it is never too late, and all children, from 1 to 15, should be immunised.

Immunisation is FREE

Ask now at your local Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH D17

COLDS & FLU STRIKE SWIFTLY!

Colds and 'flu are no respecters of persons—they strike swiftly and are not concerned with the importance of your job. Yet there's no need nowadays to be "laid up" with a cold or 'flu attack for swift action with 'ASPRO' will stamp them out at inception. Furthermore, it will save you much distress and possible complications. At first sign of a sore throat gargle with an 'ASPRO' tablet in a little water. You will feel instant relief and the spread of the infection will be inhibited. For a feverish cold or 'flu 'ASPRO' with a hot drink has almost immediate effect. Your head clears—the groggy, uneasy, "gone-at-the-knees" feeling goes. By morning the recovery is complete. So don't hesitate—when colds and 'flu are about

Prompt action saves TIME—MONEY & LYING UP!

Protect Yourself with 'ASPRO'

COLDS GO

G. KAY, of 72a Townholm Crescent, Hanwell, W.7 writes:—"I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a hot drink & 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by morning, I am my old self again."

BAD COLD WARDED OFF BY 'ASPRO'

D. M. G., of Eastwood, Essex, writes:—"I feel I must write a few lines and tell you how thankful I am for the use of 'ASPRO.' For years I have been a sufferer with bad colds till this winter, and I have warded off each attack with 'ASPRO' directly I felt the least suspicion of a cold. I take two and then I follow up with two going to bed and a hot drink, and so have kept the cold away."

COULD HARDLY MOVE A MUSCLE

LEONARD WALKER, of 40 Errol St., Liverpool, 17, writes:—"I feel I must write and thank you for the instant relief I have obtained from your 'ASPRO' tablets. I had a very heavy cold and such pain across my shoulders that I could hardly move a muscle in my body (let alone work). My wife got me a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets. I took some of them and went to bed. And to my surprise the pain was greatly eased, the cold in the head gone. I took the remainder the next night and now I am back at work again."

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 13½

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Name Tells the Story!

The Family Remedy for COUGHS COLDS 'FLU BRONCHITIS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (*Inc. Purchase Tax*)

FALSE TEETH

and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence, Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly*. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

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